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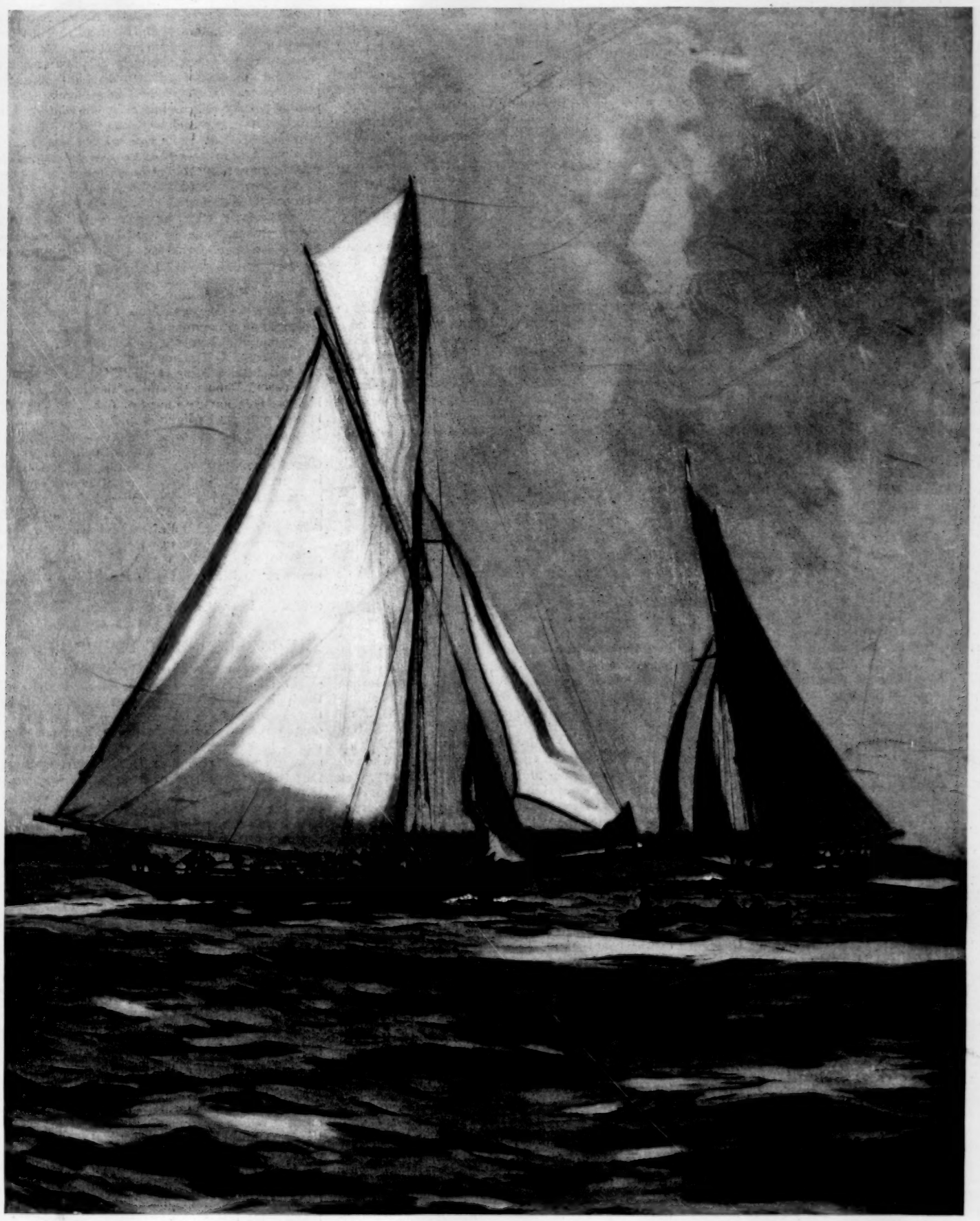

"AILSA." "BRITANNIA."

THE ENGLISH YACHTS "AILSA" AND "BRITANNIA" RACING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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BALLOT REFORM IN THE LEGISLATURE.

BALLOT reform aims at the following specific objects: to insure the secrecy of the vote; to diminish the facilities of bribery and fraud at elections; and to do away with the pretence for the levying of large party campaign funds for the printing of tickets. Ballot reform, according to the so-called Australian plan, seeks to accomplish the first object by completely isolating the voter while he prepares his ballot in a compartment in which he is to be entirely unobserved; the second, by seeking to render it impossible for the briber to control or watch, as to the performance of the corrupt bargain, the action of the person bribed; the third, by having the ballots printed at the public expense. Any ballot law that accomplishes these objects and at the same time provides for an arrangement of the names on the ballots, and methods of marking them, which are easily understood and which permit quick voting, and that makes it easy for independent voters to put in nomination and to vote for independent candidates—any such law may be called a good law. No ballot law that is seriously defective in any one of these points will answer the true purpose of reform.

If there is anything to which the party that last autumn carried this State stands clearly and emphatically pledged, it is the enactment of a good ballot law to secure honest elections. If there is anything that will disgrace that party in the eyes of all right-thinking men, it is a deliberate violation of that pledge. And nothing could be more deliberate than the intended violation of that pledge by the ballot bill championed by Senator RAINES and recently passed by the State Senate. It contains a provision virtually abolishing the secrecy of the vote, and opening wide the door to direct bribery and other corrupt influence. This is the provision that any person who, when he registers, swears that he cannot write, may take with him into the booth, to assist him in the preparation of his ballot, a "friend"—that is, any man he may present as such. The result of such an arrangement is easily seen. In the absence of moral principle, nothing discourages the buying of votes more than uncertainty as to the delivery of the article bought. Now of all the contrivances devised to enable the bribe-giver to control the action of the bribe-taker, none is more simple, convenient, and businesslike than the one which enables the bribe-giver personally to control and watch the bribe-taker in doing what he is paid for doing. This is the identical facility Senator RAINES provided for. It is true the bribe-taker will in some cases have to commit perjury as to his inability to write in order to be permitted to take his "friend" into the booth. But a man who is capable of selling his vote will not recoil from so trifling a thing as a little perjury. And thus, if this provision should become law, the "lodging-house voter" and the professional "repeater" and the "blocks of five" man could be marched into the voting-booth by the very "friend" who bribed them and be made sure of as to the delivery of the goods. And the bill containing this provision passed the Senate by a vote of 25 to 3, a large majority of each party voting for it.

This scheme appeared so atrocious on its very face, and the protests against it coming in from public-spirited citizens in all parts of the State were so loud and emphatic, that, although sustained by both the PLATT men and the Tammany-HILL-MURPHY-machine men in the Senate, Mr. RAINES went before a committee of the Assembly to advocate an amendment making the clause referred to a little less objectionable. Having tried the worst as the thing that best suited them, and finding that it would encounter too spirited a criticism, he and his fellow-politicians thought it best to "pander a little to the moral sense of the community." But the amendment suggested by him is itself open to so many objections, and the rest of his bill makes in the arrangements of the ballot all independent voting so difficult, and is so obviously intended to force the voter to vote nothing but the "regular ticket," that there is every possible reason why the Assembly should take the ballot bill introduced by Mr. SANGER in the place of the RAINES bill. The SANGER bill is modelled upon the Massachusetts ballot law, which has stood the test of years, and has answered all reasonable requirements. But there is great reason to fear that the very virtues of the SANGER bill will stand in the way of its success. Apparently both party machines wish to have some possibility of election fraud preserved for mutual accommodation.

It is indeed high time that the good citizens of this State should courageously, and without partisan bias, study the political conditions which render it possible and, as it seems, even natural, that the selfish and dishonest elements of both parties, while occasionally fighting one another, should, frequently with such startling success, make common cause against all thorough measures of reform devised to elevate public morals and to protect the public interest against crooked politics, and that they should always do the worst they dare.

TAINTED LEADERSHIP.

SENATOR EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., has expressed the characteristic sentiment that Senator GORMAN ought to conduct the next national campaign for the Democratic party. There is a certain grim humor in this announcement, and at the same time it has a serious side, which must impress not only decent Democrats, but good citizens of all parties. It is grotesquely humorous that the men whose misconduct in the Senate brought overwhelming defeat on the Democrats six months ago should now be talking of the leadership of their betrayed associates as if it were for them to bestow and to claim. And yet MURPHY has the undoubted right to advise, and GORMAN has the right to expect the leadership of the organization that has not banished him.

These two men, as much as any two in the country, were the objects of popular indignation in the uprising of 1894. MURPHY was the head of the machine which made HILL the candidate for Governor, and denied to every Democrat in the State of New York who had an independent mind and a conscience the right to participate in the nomination of candidates for office. He is the man who led the Democratic faction which held the "snap convention" of 1892 for the purpose of helping HILL and defeating CLEVELAND, and he was defeated by the Anti-Snappers. He predicted that Mr. CLEVELAND could not carry New York, and the people of the State stamped his prediction as a falsehood. He made HILL the candidate for Governor, and the voters elected a Republican Governor by a plurality of 156,000 and a Republican Legislature. As a Senator he has distinguished himself by preventing the carrying out of his party's tariff pledges in the interest of the manufacturers of collars and cuffs. During the present session of the Legislature of New York the majority of an investigating committee, speaking with a moderation that induces belief in its report, has found that the "MURPHY machine" of the city of Troy is guilty of nearly every conceivable offence against the elective franchise; that it has robbed citizens of their votes, and the community of its right to govern itself, by the lowest and most brutal acts known to the ruffians of our cities; and that, as a crowning infamy, it is responsible for the murder of a citizen who was trying to protect the ballot-box from pollution. This is the man and his atmosphere—the man who announces his favorite Democratic leader for the Presidential campaign of 1896; the man whom the Democrats of the State and of the country permit to speak with the voice of authority.

The leader of his choice is worthy of him. It is not many years ago when Mr. GORMAN was the local leader in Maryland of as vile a machine as that to which the name of MURPHY has been given in the city of Troy. Between the time of his appearance in national politics and the present he has been a malign influence in three national campaigns. He has been a protectionist, a truckler to bad money sentiment, a believer in the old corrupt practices by means of which decent Democrats in Maryland and New York have been driven out of politics. Democrats accused him of treachery to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1888, and while such an accusation may be unjust, there are few who believe that he regretted the defeat of the head of the ticket in that year. He was double-faced in the extraordinary session of 1893, and while pretending to support the administration, he was really for a compromise, and very nearly caused the defeat of the bill for unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. He has confessed that he made a bargain with the Louisiana sugar interests in the campaign of 1892, and his devotion to that bargain and to the Sugar Trust compelled the wrecking of the tariff bill that went from the House of Representatives, and which embodied the smallest measure of reform that the Democratic party, in view of its profusion of promises, owed to the country. Both of these men represent the bad politicians and the bad politics against which the country has been protesting with almost unprecedented majorities in nearly every election, national, State, or local, that has been held since the fall of 1893. Many Democrats are so much opposed to men like GORMAN and MURPHY that they have refused to vote, while some have manifested their displeasure with the Senators who dragged their party through the mire of the sugar scandal by helping to elect Republican candidates. But now these representatives of the kind of politics that makes possible sugar scandals, trades with Populists, violations of promises, Tammany Hall, and the "MURPHY machine," are consulting as to the leadership of a party a majority of whose voters doubtless detest them.

And yet, as we have said, MURPHY and GORMAN have the right to talk of leadership and to expect it. Their party has not displaced them. So strong is MURPHY in his own city of Troy that Speaker FISH, a Republican, helps him to prevent the reform of his corrupt police force. Not only are MURPHY, CROKER, and PLATT so wholly oblivious of the verdict of the voters of the State in the last election that they are conspiring together to make it come to naught, but the body of the Democratic party has made no move to discredit MURPHY'S prominence. GORMAN has been denounced in resolutions by one Democratic convention after another, from Massachusetts to the West. Mass-meetings of Democratic voters have been held in his own State in which he has been condemned for what is known in convention parlance as "treason to the party." And yet he is a member of the Democratic National Committee, and no concerted or authoritative effort has been made to take away his representative character. And so long as MURPHY and GORMAN have the right to speak as representatives of the party, so long will the party be judged by them. It has set up its own standard. If it is not the true standard, it is within its power to change it. If it continues to leave to MURPHY the right to recommend GORMAN for its leader, it will remain a MURPHY and GORMAN party, for which DAVID B. HILL, or CROKER, or GORMAN himself, will be the fitting candidate in 1896.

If decent Democrats endure this leadership it is because they have no hope of obtaining anything better; and yet decency is in the majority in the Democratic party, as it is in every party in this country, and the want of hope of deliverance from GORMAN and MURPHY means simply supineness and indolence. Of this the Democratic party may rest assured, that so long as its guides and advisers are such men as EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., and Senator GORMAN, so long will disaster and defeat be its lot. Political prophecy is usually dangerous, but it is quite safe to predict that Senator GORMAN will never again lead a party to victory in the nation, or Senator MURPHY again conduct a successful campaign in the State of New York.

THE INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE WEEKLY has insisted that if the good citizens of the State should concentrate and express the indignation that they undoubtedly felt against the Legislature on account of its refusal to act on the reform measures for New York something might be accomplished, and something has been accomplished. It has been evident from the first that the politicians of both machines were united to defeat the will of the people, that the combination between PLATT and CROKER continued, and that it was far from powerless to work ill to the city; that, while the Assembly feared the people, from whom its members had come more recently than the Senators, FISH and his Republican-Tammany friends rejoiced that the hold-over Senate, with its bad traditions and ruined reputations, was on hand to carry out the plots of the bosses. Then, again, it has been clear that part of the plot was to deceive the public into believing that the Republican party was not to blame by making reform bills caucus measures in the Assembly, leaving their defeat to a few Republican Senators who were always ready to unite with their Tammany brethren for the purpose of saving corruption.

In carrying out this cunning scheme, the Assembly passed the school reform bill, Speaker FISH casting suspicion upon the good faith of the performance by taking an active part in it. This was not done, however, until there was evidence of an aroused public sentiment, which so greatly affected the Governor that he sent a special message to the Legislature calling the attention of the members of his party to the pledges whose redemption was expected by the people who had elected him and them. On this the Assembly hurriedly passed the police magistrates bill, and now this measure has gone through the Senate against the expressed wishes but with the votes of the PLATT Senators. The expressions of hostility to this bill by O'CONNOR, COGGESHALL, and RAINES as clearly show the depravity of the Senate as did the vote of the day be-

fore refusing to authorize the reorganization of the police force.

This bill, which removes the police magistrates of New York, has been forced through the Legislature by public sentiment. The politicians have been compelled to grant to New York this measure of reform. That there should have been any doubt of its passage is a sad commentary on the character of the men who are making the laws of the State of New York. The police magistrates of New York are notoriously unfit for their offices, and are a disgrace to the civilization of the metropolis. They are, with one or two exceptions at the outside, ignorant, brutal, and the products of the dangerous classes of the community. They are the worst enemies of the poor and the helpless who look to them as the fountains of law and justice, and whose friends and protectors they ought to be. On the contrary, they have been shown to be the friends and protectors of criminals and crime. In the minds of honest men, even of men not without experience of the hardihood of the machine politicians of New York, the defeat of HILL and Tammany and the election of MORTON, STRONG, and a Republican Legislature meant the end of "Paddy" DIVVER and his congenial associates on the bench of police magistrates. But before that was accomplished another outburst of public indignation and a special message from the Governor were required. And when the Republican Senators at last yielded, they did so with angry protests that their votes were forced from them, and were cast against the dictates of their consciences, meaning thereby against their bargain with Tammany.

Whether the force of public sentiment has spent itself or not on this Legislature is a question, but one about which intelligent observers do not feel much doubt. The Assembly celebrated the day on which the Senate passed the police magistrates bill by passing the wretched bipartisan police bill, while the Senate killed the school bill. Probably the magistrates bill and the power of removal bill will be all the "concessions" that this Legislature will make to the public which gave to the Republicans their majority. But the public, it is to be hoped, will not forget the men who have betrayed their trust, and will visit its wrath upon them when they again appear as candidates.

THE PARTITION OF AFRICA.

THE partition of property which in no sense belongs to the partitioners is always a delicate operation. When it is undertaken by individuals who are only public characters by virtue of their celebrity in the annals of police courts the practice has generally been a fruitful source of misunderstanding; and even when undertaken by statesmen on behalf of nations it has not unusually led to complications. Since the historical partition of Poland between its powerful neighbors there has not been any attempt of this kind on a large scale until lately, when the principle was applied to the case of Africa. Britain, it is true, has for a century or so been doing a very brisk business in the annexation of various unconsidered trifles in the way of territory in different parts of the world. There is no reason, indeed, to suppose that she would have been unwilling to do as much for Africa had circumstances permitted. The country which absorbed Hindostan, and swallowed Australia at a mouthful, could probably have done as much for the Dark Continent without any very painful effort.

In the case of Africa, however, circumstances were adverse. The succulent morsel of territory was a large one, and it was less distant from the other European countries than others which had already been assimilated by Great Britain at her leisure. If Africa was to become European property, it not unnaturally seemed fair to other nations that some small slice should fall to them. The consequence has been the great partition of Africa, without her own consent, which has been going on cheerfully for the last fifteen years or so. The whole business has been conducted with official politeness which has left little to be desired. England took a bite—usually a pretty substantial one—here, and France *un petit morceau* of a few millions of square miles there, while Germany stepped in and took a tolerably large mouthful out of the east and another out of the western side of the continent. The rights of Portugal were somewhat grudgingly recognized in one place, and the aspirations of Italy were encouraged in another; even Belgium was invited to take a hand, and at least assume a protectorate, if only to show that she took an interest in the business. Where so much was going, and on such exceptionally easy terms, the nations could afford to be friendly, and even generous. A new vocabulary was invented to suit the circumstances, and "spheres of influence" took the place of conquered territories. It was all done for the good of Africa, and there seemed to be a hope that with so much philanthropy abroad Africa might be comfortably cut up and divided among its self-appointed regenerators without any risk of misunderstandings.

It is possible that even so sanguine a hope as this might have been realized if the arrangement could have been applied only at a long distance from home. A "sphere of influence" is so novel a kind of property, and its various drawbacks are as yet so uncertain, that it is conceivable that a small slice of it might be conceded without any very bitter pang if only it were far enough away. It is when the "sphere" is our next-door neighbor and the "influence" seems likely to affect our pockets that it begins to assume proportions that threaten trouble. If, for instance, France could have kept her hands off Tunis, and England had not occupied Egypt, it is more than possible that small encroachments on the Senegal, or even scientific expeditions into equatorial Africa, would either not have been attempted or would have been practically disregarded. As it is, there is friction, which may at any time produce an abrasion of the sensitive skin of France, or even of the somewhat thicker cuticle of England. It is said, and no doubt truly, that two great nations are not likely to go to war about vague and as yet largely imaginary "influence" in remote districts of unknown Africa; but this, in fact, hardly represents the danger. It is the French attempt to dominate northern Africa, and with it to command the Mediterranean, on the one hand, and England's counter-move in Egypt on the other, that constitute the real danger. That it is a very real danger at present there can be little doubt, and perhaps our confidence that after all it will come to nothing may rest with greater security upon the terrible uncertainties and risks of modern warfare than even upon the march of enlightenment and the vaunted increase of humanity.

THE DECREASE OF POVERTY.

A VERY hopeful report has been made by the British "Commission on the Aged Poor." Its conclusions are worth noting in this country, because there are persons here as well as on the other side of the water who take a gloomy view of humanity, and who believe that pauperism and distress are increasing. Political parties are founded on this pessimistic sentiment, and assaults are made upon the thrifty for the benefit of the debtors and the poor, as jf the great majority of American and British citizens were helpless and indigent and in the power of grasping creditors.

To the honest pessimists, as well as to those who take a more wholesome view of life, the report of the "Royal Commission on the Aged Poor" will bring much happiness. The Commissioners found that the number of the aged poor is decreasing in the United Kingdom. They were dealing with paupers over sixty-five years of age, and it was found that three in ten of the total population of Great Britain are compelled to apply for parish relief. This may seem a large number to Americans, but it shows an actual decrease of pauperism in Great Britain.

The Commissioners do not agree on all points. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN urged the adoption of an insurance system. Mr. CHARLES BOOTH recommended a weekly pension of five shillings. Other commissioners, Mr. BROADHURST and Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, recommended radical and socialistic changes. There was a most unusual divergence of views when changes in the existing poor laws came to be considered, but there was also a certain evidence of weakening convictions among those who had formerly been most strenuous for state aid. And this weakness was no doubt due to the discovery made, both by the signers of the majority and of the minority reports, that old-age paupers are decreasing in numbers.

The reason given for this decrease is no less interesting than the change itself. In the minority report, which was signed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and which expressed some very mild regret at the failure of the commission to recommend some scheme of state insurance, it was stated that the diminution of pauperism is due only in part to a stricter administration of the laws, and "chiefly to the increased prosperity of the working-classes generally."

There are volumes of encouragement in this report to those who are trying to defeat the schemes of socialism and communism that are appearing in the legislative bodies of Great Britain and the United States, as well as in those of the less favored countries of the continent of Europe. The increase of the prosperity of wage-earners has been general. The working-man is earning more and living better than at any former time in the history of wages and prices. Pauperism is among the evils that are being gradually overcome. It will exist for a long time to come, but more and more it is growing to be the result of misconduct, and not of social and economic conditions. No doubt its disappearance may be expedited by wise legislation, but it will be increased by such legislation as the socialist demagogue proposes. What we need in this direction is an individual freedom larger even than that which we now enjoy—a larger opportunity for the best men to gain all the advantages possible from the free employment of their abilities, to the end, among other things, that they may increase opportunities for others, and especially for men of humbler powers. The collectivist exhorter is the worst enemy of the working-man—the enemy who urges him to put a block in the way of his own progress.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.

IT is somewhat remarkable, when we stop to think of it, what an extraordinary hold these international races for the *America's* Cup have on the people of the United States. It is quite as remarkable that American gentlemen should have been sufficiently capable sportsmen to hold the Cup against the best that Englishmen could do for almost half a century. And yet, in spite of all the interest shown in past years, there promises to be infinitely more excitement and enthusiasm this year over the race between *Defender* and the new WATSON boat. The reason for this is that with the progress in building racers the two nations have gradually drawn towards the same style of boat, and the difference between them this year will be less than ever before, and the chances of victory and defeat correspondingly more uncertain.

It is too early yet to give any information of value regarding either the American or the English boat. No one, with the exception of a few men in England employed in one way or another on the new WATSON boat, and a similar number of men in America, knows anything to speak of regarding the two boats, and it is quite impossible therefore to give accurate statements of measurements of either boat.

It has been reported that *Ailsa*, and possibly *Britannia*, might come to the United States with the WATSON boat, and hold a series of trial races in American waters to decide which of the three shall enter the international races. This is, however, most unlikely. *Ailsa* has, to be sure, been making a remarkably good showing in the Mediterranean in her races with *Britannia*. She is essentially a light-weather boat, easy in stays, and well suited therefore for short inside courses with frequent chances for evolution. She has also a large sail area in proportion to her hull measurements. But if she entered a deep-sea race, such as our courses for the Cup demand, she would have to be materially altered, especially for such weather as she would meet off Scotland Light-ship in late September and early October.

It is far more probable that by delaying work on the new boat so long as he has, WATSON has seen the advantage in this opportunity to watch *Ailsa*, to study her work, and to make her a trial boat from which to build the new competitor. WATSON, therefore, with this chance of seeing *Ailsa's* faults, will turn out a boat that will beat her, just as it is probable that HERRESHOFF will turn out a boat in June that will outsail *Vigilant*. There is hardly a chance of *Britannia's* coming, and hence all eyes are fixed on WATSON's yards to see what the new boat will be.

As for our boat, as we say, there is little known regarding her outside a small group of men. Some measurements, a few facts as to draught and sail area, we do know; but at this moment it would seem to be in much better taste, to say nothing of patriotism, to leave the good boat by which we all set such a store to those who have her in charge, to the best man in the country to build her, to the best yachtsmen in the country to rig her and get her ready for her coming fight. She will be launched shortly, when the time shall have gone by for the latest results of HERRESHOFF's study to be of use to any one across the water. Meantime *Defender* is fast growing on the ways.

KEEP COOL.

EVEN our English critics say some things about us that are true. They insist, for one thing, with monotonous iteration, that we overheat our dwellings, our public houses, our public vehicles, and our places of entertainment. They groan at the awful ordeals of heat they undergo when they travel in "the States" in winter. One of them, Miss BURTSALL, who has written a book about *The Education of Girls in the United States*, comments repeatedly on the high temperature of American school-rooms, wherein, it is suggested, is laid the foundation for the abnormal liking for overheated rooms and the insensibility to foul air which seem to be included among our national peculiarities.

We could better endure these aspersions of our good sense if they were less well founded. We like a warmer temperature in-doors than the English do; our climate is colder than theirs, and we are much better equipped with heating apparatuses. But we don't as a rule like as much artificial heat as we get. Our predicament seems to be that our various heaters have got the start of us, and that while we have found effectual means to make them go, we either don't know how or don't know when to stop them.

A fairly good thermometer can be bought anywhere for twenty-five cents. Wherever artificial heat is used thermometers should hang about in sufficient profusion, and the temperature should be regulated according to their suggestions. When the mercury goes above seventy, something should be done about it. Some one should be responsible for the excess, should realize his responsibility, should know what action to take, and should take it instanter. Sad to say, the American who keeps the thermometer in sight and can act upon its suggestions is one of more than average enterprise. Most of us simply bake, or open a window, or expostulate after a while with the man who runs the furnace. There are thousands of American houses that are intelligently heated, but there are tens of thousands that are not, and to find a railroad car or a hotel in the winter or spring which is not too hot is a rare and gladdening experience. In the month of April, when the fires are still burning in the basements of dwellings while the temperature outside is fast approaching summer heat, we are particularly liable to have excessive household heat imposed upon us. There is no remedy for it but for the householder to know how the heat may be abated and to see that it is done. The necessary knowledge is easily acquired and easily applied, and surely it is worth acquiring. When we have learned to keep our homes comfortably cool we may possibly feel strong enough in knowledge to insist that the cars we travel in and the hotels we stop in shall be comfortable too; and then, though we may not be altogether happy, we shall be happier and healthier than we are now.

AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN THE NEW CAP AND BLOUSE.—[See Page 417.]

THE NEW RAILWAY ENTRANCE TO MANHATTAN ISLAND.

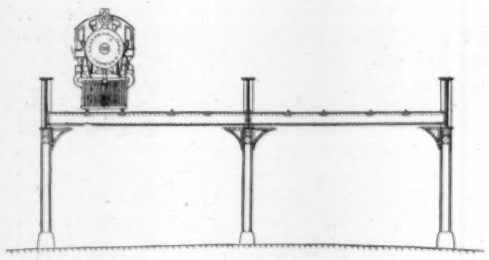
Those who journey northward or who enter the city at the Grand Central Station have been interested for months in the stupendous work that is going on at the upper end of Manhattan Island, where the new ship-canal is all but completed and the several railways that cross it at Mott Haven are having their tracks raised high above the former road-bed, while, at the same time, the traffic of two hundred trains a day goes on without interruption. Three millions of dollars are being expended in adjusting the new conditions to be created by the deep-water link between the Hudson River and the Long Island Sound, and for that part of the improvement which lies below the new canal, on this island, the city is paying one-half the cost.

"We are raising our tracks twenty-four feet above high water in the canal," said President Depew when asked about the work. "We had arranged for all possible demands of the future, as we foresaw them, when we sunk the tracks through the high ground in Harlem, but now that work is all being destroyed and we are preparing for the future all over again. Yes, it is lasting work—work meant to be final—that the railways and the city are doing in partnership, but it is occasioned by the necessities of the ship-canal, and that I consider a temporary contrivance. It is not within reason that New York will suffer the inconvenience of having that canal cut the city in two in the middle after a few years more. It will be filled in and built over. It is a mistaken undertaking."

Mr. W. Katte, the chief engineer who is in charge of the work, drew a few diagrams with his pencil to illustrate just what is being done. These showed that when the railway passes out of the tunnel at Ninety-sixth Street it mounts a solid masonry viaduct raised above the low level of the Harlem Flats. This stone-work maintains the same road-level until Harlem Hill is reached, at 106th Street, and from that point to the north side of the hill, at 130th Street, the tracks were sunk in the hill to keep the straight line unaltered. A few blocks further ahead is the Harlem River, now deepened into a ship-canal. This the railways used to cross on the same level, about seven feet above the water. Hereafter, to provide passageway for large vessels, the bridge must carry the trains over at an elevation of 24 feet above high water. This requirement necessitated the building of a new drawbridge and the elevation of the tracks to connect with the new bridge. The bridge will have a 400-foot draw at the southern end, and two spans of 135 and 183 feet respectively beyond that.

To meet this arbitrary condition the old road-bed has had to be altered as far back as 106th Street. There the old masonry viaduct has been raised upon a gradient of 40 feet to the mile as far as 111th Street. From that point onward a metallic viaduct or heavy elevated railway is building to carry the trains over the Harlem Hill, at a distance of 14 feet above the summit of the hill, and down again at a slight incline to the level of the new steel drawbridge over the ship-canal. The upward incline of 40 feet to the mile continues from 106th to 116th Street, which is the top of the hill. Thence by a more gradual incline the new elevated road returns to the old level at 149th Street, where the tracks swing around the Spuyten Duyvil curve to join the Hudson River division. Three stations, 110th Street, 125th Street, and that at Mott Haven, are thus to become elevated stations. That at 110th Street is in the stone viaduct, which is now 11 feet higher at that point. That at 125th Street used to be in the sunken track, and now is raised 30 feet in air. The Mott Haven station (138th Street) now has its second story on the road-level, and passengers will reach the trains by stairs and lifts.

Since the new road-bed is to accommodate four tracks, the engineer has had to move the great stone and brick depot building at Mott Haven 50 feet back from where it used to stand to make room for two more tracks than of old. That was one notable feat in this great engineering problem, but the greatest was the task of adapting the elevated railway principle to high-class heavy traffic. The task seems simple when it is explained by Mr. Katte, who says he merely had to meet the strain and weight of the heavy traffic with the requisite strength of steel. But he has been obliged to design a four-track road of these proportions. The result is what he calls a three column plate-girder construction. Explained in the simplest way, he has built a three-legged road, and spanned the spaces (between each trio of legs) with girders made of plates of steel riveted together, instead of with what might be called open-work trusses such as one sees in Sixth and in Third

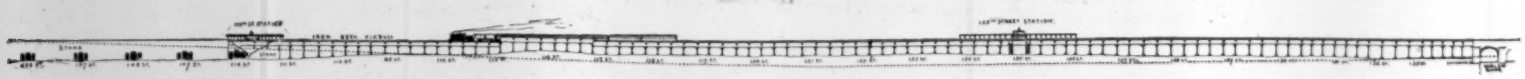


CROSS-SECTION OF STEEL VIADUCT CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF TRACKS.

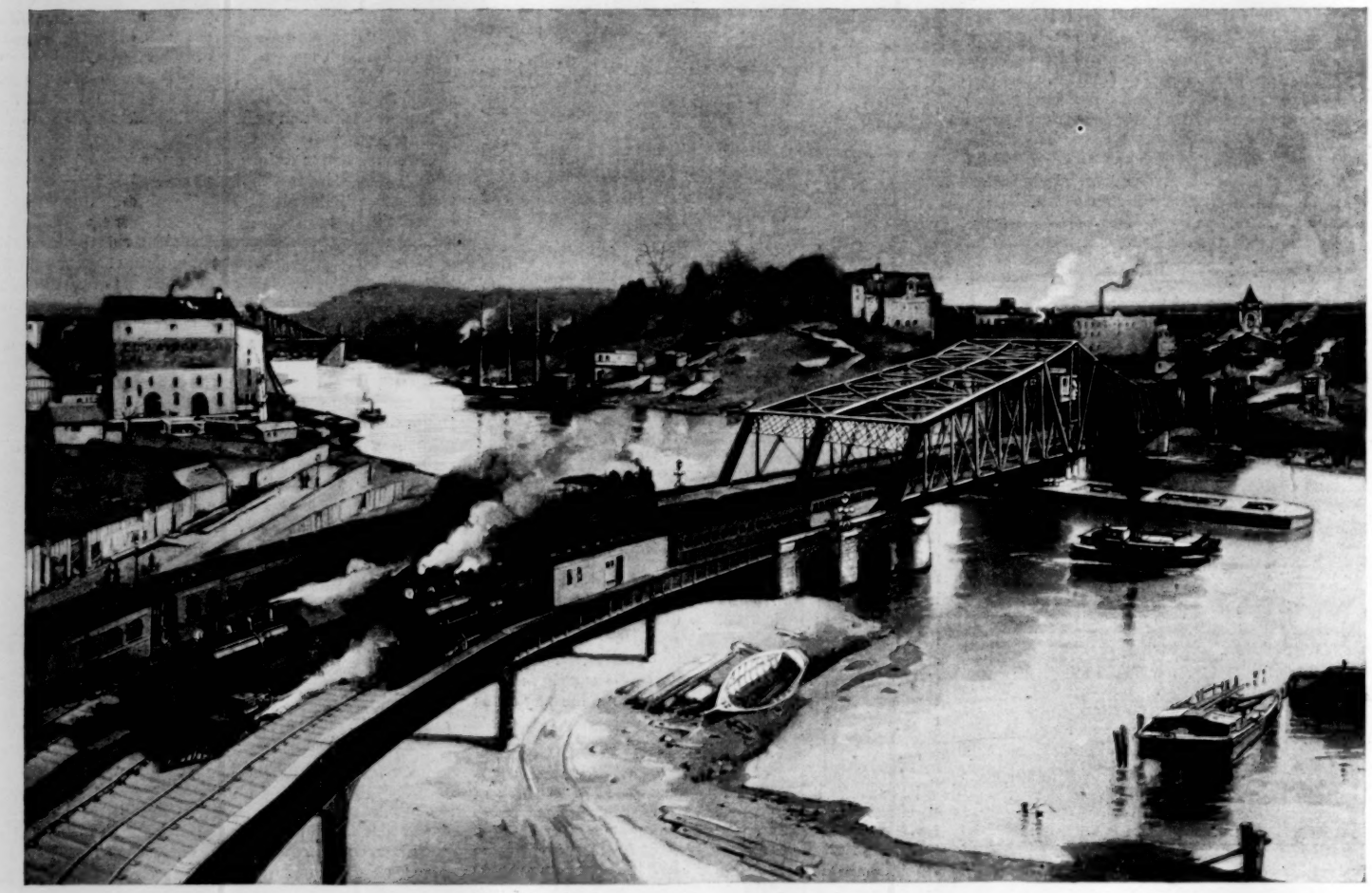
avenues. The new elevated structure will look as that in Ninth Avenue or that in Second Avenue would if those roads were supported on rows of three instead of two legs. The middle leg is in each instance twice as strong as the outside legs, because these central posts will carry double as much as the others. At the point of passing of two trains, for instance, the centre post will carry the combined weight of the two locomotives and half the weight of the entire structure. There is no secret about it, the engineer says; no trick—nothing but putting into the legs the number of pounds of steel required to match the load each leg will have to carry.

The work has been in hand for nearly two years, and during the past eighteen months the immense passenger traffic of all the railways—never obstructed at any time—has been diverted from the old route at the river, and carried across on a temporary bridge of piling at the old level, seven feet above the water. The new work goes on alongside of the temporary roadway, and when it is finished the points of contact between the stable and temporary roadways will be destroyed, and the trains will steam straight ahead and up in air upon the new elevated structure.

J. R.



Profile of the new Steel Viaduct from 110th Street to the Drawbridge—Dotted Lines show the old Road-Bed.



IMPROVED RAILWAY ENTRANCE TO MANHATTAN ISLAND, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION,
Showing the new Steel Drawbridge over the Harlem River Ship-Canal and the Viaduct Approaches.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

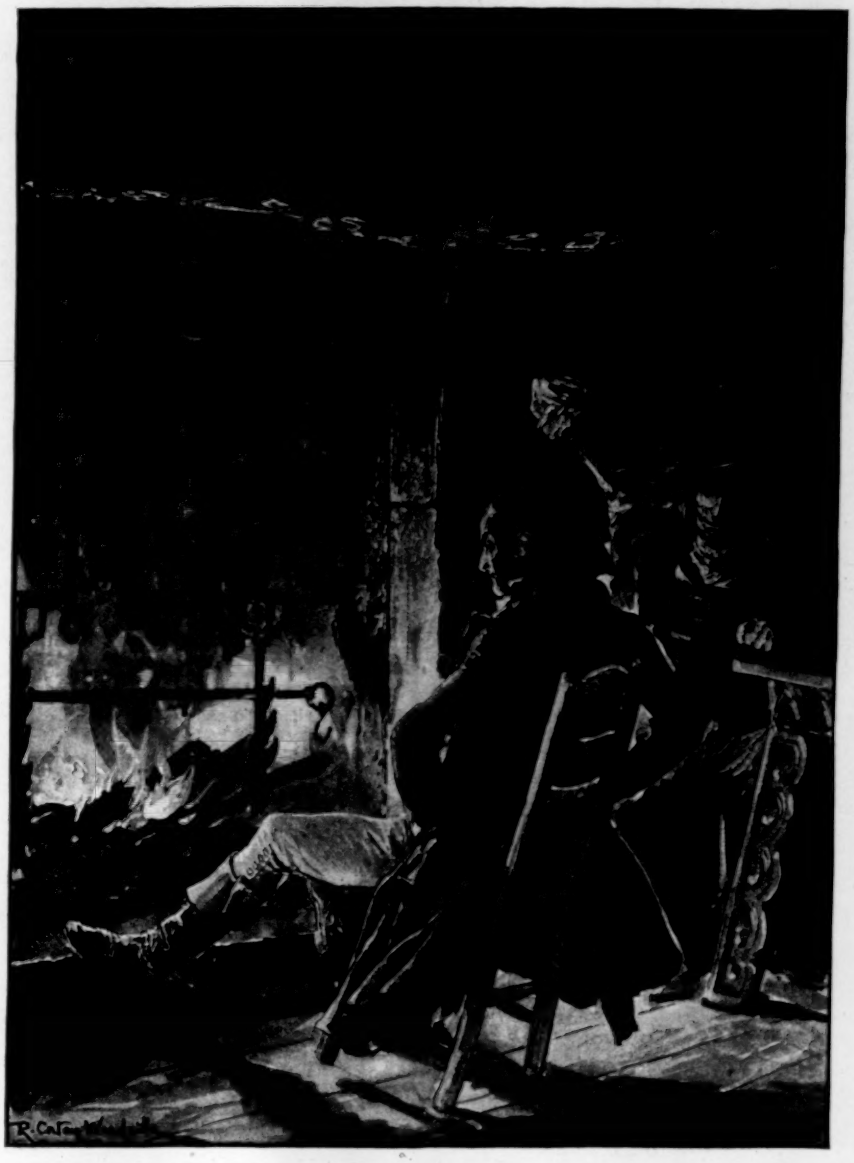
A POOR FIGURE.

I DID not struggle long. The efforts I had made to free myself from the men, and this last exertion of striving to shout, brought the blood to my head, and so exhausted me that I lay inert, my heart panting as if it would suffocate me, and my lungs craving more air. I was in danger of being stifled in earnest, and knew it; but, fortunately, the horrors of this fate, which a minute before had driven me to frantic efforts, now gave me the supreme courage to lie still, and collecting myself, do all I could to get air.

It was time I did. I was hot as fire, and sweating at every pore; but the dreadful sensation of choking went off somewhat when I had lain motionless awhile, and by turning my head and chest a little to the side—which I succeeded in doing, though I could not raise myself—I gained more air. Still, my position was horrible. Helpless as I was, with the trusses of hay pressing on me, fresh pains soon arose to take the place of those allayed. The bonds on my wrists began to burn into my flesh; the hilt of my sword forced itself into my side; my back seemed to be breaking under the burden; my shoulders ached intolerably. I was being slowly, slowly pressed to death, in darkness, and when a cry, a single cry, if I could only raise my voice, would bring relief and succor.

The thought of this so maddened me that, fancying, after an age of this suffering, that I heard a faint sound as of some one moving in the stable, I lost control of myself, and fell to struggling again, while groans broke from me instead of cries, and the bonds cut into my arms. But the paroxysm only added to my misery; the person, whoever he was, did not hear me, and made no further noise, or if he did, the blood coursing to my head and swelling the veins of my neck almost to bursting deafened me to the sound. The horrible weight that I had raised for a moment sank again. I gave up, I despaired, and lay in a kind of swoon, unable to think, unable to remember, no longer hoping for relief or planning escape, and simply enduring.

I must have lain thus some time, when a noise loud enough to reach my dulled ears roused me afresh, and I listened at first with half a heart. The noise was repeated; and then, without further warning, an exquisite pain darted through the calf of my leg. I screamed hoarsely, and writhed in my bonds, and though the cloak and the hay over my head choked the cry, I caught a kind of echo of it. Then silence.



"EACH EVENING THE COMMITTEE CAME TO STARE AND QUESTION."

Stupid as a man awakened from sleep, I thought for a moment that I had dreamed both the cry and the pain; and I groaned in my misery. But the next moment I felt the hay that lay on me move, and then the truss that pressed most heavily on me was lifted, and I breathed again, and heard voices and cries, and saw a faint light, and knew I was freed. In a twinkling I felt myself seized and drawn out, amid a murmur of cries and exclamations. The cloak was plucked off my head, and I found half a dozen faces gaping and staring at me.

"Why, mon Dieu, it is the gentleman who departed this morning!" a woman cried. And she threw up her hands in excitement.

I looked at her. She was the woman of the house. My throat was dry and parched, my lips were swollen, but I managed to tell her to untie me.

I was freed amid fresh exclamations of surprise and astonishment; and then, as I was so stiff and benumbed as to be still powerless, they lifted me to the door of the stable, where one set a stool, and another brought a cup of water. This and the cold air restored me, and in a minute or two I was able to stand. Meanwhile they overwhelmed me with questions, but I was giddy and confused, and could not for a few minutes collect myself. A person who came up with an air of much importance and pushed aside the crowd of clowns and stable-helpers that surrounded me helped me at last to find my voice.

"What is it?" he said. "What is it? What brought you in the stables?"

The woman who kept the inn answered for me that she did not know; that one of the men going to get hay had struck his fork into my leg and so found me.

"But who is he?" the new-comer asked, staring at me. He was a tall thin man, with a sour face, and small suspicious eyes.

"I am the Vicomte de Saux," I answered.

"Eh!" he said, prolonging the syllable. "And how came you, M. le Vicomte, if that be really your name, in the stable?"

"I have been robbed," I muttered.

"Robbed!" he answered, with a sniff of doubt. "Bah! monsieur, in this commune we have no robbers."

"Still, I have been robbed," I answered, stupidly.

For answer, before I knew what he was about, he plunged his hand without ceremony or leave into the pocket of my coat and brought out a purse. He held it up for all to see. "Robbed?" he said, in a tone of irony. "I think not, monsieur—I think not."

I looked at the purse in astonishment, then mechanically putting my hand in my pocket, I produced first one thing and then another, and stared at them. He was right. I had not been robbed. Snuff-box, handkerchief, my watch and seals, my knife, and a little mirror and book—all were there.

"And now I come to think of it," the woman said, speaking suddenly, "there are a pair of saddle-bags in the house that must belong to the gentleman. I was wondering awhile ago whose they were."

"But," I cried, memory and sense returning, "the ladies who were with me? They have not started?"

"They went these three hours back," the woman answered, staring at me, "and I could have sworn that monsieur went with them. But, to be sure, it was only just light, and a mistake is easily made."

A thought that should have occurred to me before, a horrible thought, darted its sting into my heart. I plunged my hand into the inner pocket of my coat, and drew it out empty. The commission—the commission to which I had trusted was gone! I uttered a cry of rage, and glared round me.

"What is it?" said the sour man, meeting my eyes.

"My papers!" I cried, almost gnashing my teeth as I thought how I had been tricked and treated. I saw it all now. "My papers!"

"Well?" he said.

"They are gone! I have been robbed of them!"

"Umph!" he said, dryly. "That remains to be proved, monsieur."

I thought that he meant that I might be mistaken, as I had been mistaken before, and to make certain I turned out the pocket."

"No," he said. "I see that they are not there. But the point is, monsieur, were they ever there?"

I looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "that is the point, monsieur. Where are your papers?"

"I tell you I have been robbed of them!" I cried, in a rage.

"And I say—that remains to be proved," he answered. "And until it is proved, you do not leave here. That is all, monsieur; and it is simple."

"And who," I said, indignantly, "are you, to stop travellers on the highway and ask for papers?"

"Merely the President of the Local Committee," he replied.

"And do you suppose," I said, fuming at his folly, "that I bound my hands and stifled myself under that hay on purpose? On purpose to pass through your wretched village?"

"I suppose nothing, monsieur," he answered, coolly. "But this is the road to Turin, where M. d'Artois is said to be collecting the disaffected; and to Nimes, where mischievous persons are flaunting the red cockade. And therefore without papers no one passes."

"But what will you do with me?" I asked, seeing that the clowns who gaped round us regarded him as nothing less than a Solomon.

"Detain you, M. le Vicomte, until you procure papers," he answered, grandly.

"But, mon Dieu!" I said. "That is not so easy here. Who is likely to know me?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur does not leave without the papers," he said. "That is all."

And, in a word, that was all. In vain I laid the facts before him, and asked him if any one would have voluntarily suffered, merely to hide his lack of papers, what I had undergone; if the state in which I had been found was not itself proof that I had been robbed; if a man could tie his own hands and pile hay on himself. In vain even that I said I knew who had robbed me; for this last only made matters worse.

"Indeed!" he said, ironically. "Then, pray, who was it?"

"That rogue Froment!"

"He is not in this country."

"Ah! Well, I saw him yesterday," I answered, imprudently.

"Then that settles the matter," the Committeeman answered, with a grim smile; and his little court smiled too. "After that we certainly cannot lose sight of M. le Vicomte."

And so well did he keep his word that when to avoid the cold that began to pierce me I went into the wretched inn and sat down on the hearth to think over the position, two of the yokels accompanied me; and when I went out again and stood looking distrustfully up and down the road, two more were at my elbow as by magic. Whether I turned this way or that, one was sure to spring up, and if I walked too far from the house, would touch me on the arm and gruffly order me back. Mont Aigoual itself, lifting its crest bleak and stern and cold above us, was not more sure than their attendance, or more immovable.

As for me, for a time I was like a madman. Deluded by Madame St. Alais and robbed by Froment, who I felt sure had taken my place, and was now rolling at his ease through Sumène and Ganges with my commission in his pocket, I strode up and down the road—the road that was my prison—in a fever of rage and chagrin. Madame's ingratitude, my own easiness, the villagers' stupidity, I execrated all in turn, but most, perhaps, the inaction to which they condemned me. I had escaped with my life, and for that should have been thankful; but no man likes to be duped. And one day, two days, three days passed; it froze and thawed, snowed and was fine, and still, while the carriage bowled along the road to Nimes, and carried my mistress farther and farther from me, I lay a

"'IT IS I, BUTON,' CAME THE ANSWER. 'I HAVE YOUR HORSE, M. LE VICOMTE.'"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

prisoner in this wretched village. I grew to loathe the squalid inn in which I kicked my heels through the cold hours, the muddy road that ran by it, the mean row of hovels they called the village. All day, and whenever I went abroad, the clowns dogged and flouted me, thinking it sport; each evening the Committee came to stare and question. A house this way, a house that way, were my boundaries, while the world moved beyond the mountains, and France throbbed, and I knew not what might be in hand to separate Denise from me. No wonder that I almost chafed myself into madness.

I had left my horse at Millau, whence the landlord had undertaken to forward it to Ganges within a couple of days by the hand of an acquaintance who would be going that way. I expected it every hour, therefore, and counted on its conductor to identify me, since half a hundred at Millau had seen my commission or heard it read. But the horse did not arrive, nor any one from Millau; and fearing that the release of the two ladies had caused trouble there, my heart sank still lower. I could not easily communicate with Cahors, and the Committee, with rustic independence and obstinacy, would neither let me go nor send me to Nîmes, where I could be identified. It was in vain I pressed them.

"No, no," the sour-faced Committeeman answered, the first time I raised the question. "Presently some one who knows you will come by. In the mean time have patience."

"M. le Vicomte is a gentleman many would know," the woman of the house chimed in, looking at me, with her arms wrapped up in her apron and her head on one side.

"To be sure! To be sure!" was the general assent. And rubbing their calves, the Committee followed her lead, and looked at me with satisfaction, as at something that did them credit.

Their stupid complacency nearly drove me mad; but to what purpose? "After all, you are very well here," the first speaker would say, shrugging his shoulders.

"Better than under the hay!" the man who had pricked my leg was wont to answer.

And on that—this was a nightly joke—a general laugh would follow; and with another admonition to be patient, the Committee would take its leave.

Or sometimes the argument in the kitchen took a harsher turn, and one and another thundered out for my benefit old tales of the dragooning, and Villars, and Berwick—tales at which the flesh crept, of horrible cruelties done and suffered, of stern mountain men and brave women who faced the worst that kings could do, for the faith that they had chosen; of a great cause crushed, but not destroyed; of a whole people trodden down in dust and blood, and yet living and growing strong.

"And do you think that after this," some one would cry, when he had told me these things with flashing eyes—these things that his grandfathers had suffered—"do you think that after this we are not concerned in this business? Do you think that now, monsieur, when, after all these years, vengeance is in our hand and our persecutors are tottering, we are to sit still and see them set up again? Bishops and captains, canons and cardinals, where are they now? Where are the lands they stole from us? Gone from them! Where are the titles they took with blood? Taken from them! Where is St. Étienne, whose father they persecuted? With his foot on their necks! And do you think that we will sit still and see this undone? Do you think that with all their possessions and their idols and their Corpus Christi, they shall defy us and set up their rule again? No, monsieur, no!"

"But there is no question of that," I said.

"There is great question of that," was the stern answer. "In Nîmes and Montauban, at Avignon, at Arles. We who live in the mountains have too often heard the storm gather in the plain to be mistaken. These preachings and processions and Weeping Virgins, this cry of Blasphemy — what do they mean, monsieur? Blood! Blood! But this time it will not be shed on one side only."

As I listened I marvelled; I began to understand that the same word meant one thing in one man's mouth, and in another man's mouth another thing; and that that which worked easily and smoothly in the north might in the south roll hideously through fire and blood. In Quercy we had lost two or three châteaux and a handful of lives, and for a few hours the mob had got out of hand —all with little enthusiasm. But here I seemed to stand on the brink of a great furnace, under which the fires of persecution still smouldered; I felt the scorching breath of passion on my cheek, and saw through the white-hot scum old enmities seething with new and fiercer ambitions, old factions with new bigotries. I had heard Froment; now I heard these; it remained only to be seen whether Froment had his followers.

In the mean time I found little comfort in such predictions; I lived on my heart, and the better part of a week went by. The woman at the inn was well satisfied to keep me; I paid, and guests were rare. And the Committee took pride in me; I was a living, walking token of their powers and of the importance of their village. But now, to the mingled misery and absurdity of my position, the anxiety on mademoiselle's account which this news of Nîmes caused me added the last intolerable touch, and I determined at all risks to escape.

That I had no horse, and that at Sumène or Ganges I should inevitably be detained, had hitherto held me back from the attempt; but I could bear my position no longer, and, after weighing all the chances, I determined to slip away some evening at sunset and make my way on foot to Millau. The villagers would be sure to pursue me in the direction of Nîmes, whether they knew that I was bound, and even if a party took the other road, I should have many chances of escape in the darkness. I counted on reaching Millau soon after daybreak, and there, if the Mayor stood my friend, I might regain my horse, and with credentials travel to Nîmes by the same or another road.

It seemed feasible, and fortune favored me that very evening. The man who should have kept me company upset a pot of boiling water over his foot, and without giving a thought to me or his duty, went off groaning to his house. A moment later the woman of the inn was called out by a neighbor, and at the very hour I would have chosen I found myself alone. Still, I knew that I had not a moment to lose, so I instantly put on my cloak, and reaching down my pistols from a shelf on which they had been placed, I put a little food in my pocket and sneaked out at the rear of the house. A dog was kennelled there, but it knew me, and wagged its tail, and in two minutes, having warily skirted the backs of the houses, I gained the road to Millau, and stood free and alone.

Night had fallen, but it was not quite dark, and dreading every eye, I hurried on through the dusk, now peering anxiously forward, and now looking and listening for the first sounds of pursuit. For a few minutes the fear of that took up all my thoughts; but later, when the one twinkling light that marked the village had set behind me and night and the silent waste of mountains had swallowed me up, a sense of eeriness, of loneliness, very depressing, took possession of me. Denise was at Nîmes, and I was moving the other way; what accidents might not befall me? how many things might not happen to postpone my return? And in the mean time she lay at the mercy of her mother and brothers, with all the traditions of her family, all the prejudices of maidenhood and her education, against my suit. To what use in this imbroglio might not her hand be put? Or, if that were not in question, what in that city of strife, in that fiercer struggle, of which the peasants had forewarned me, might not be the fate of a young girl?

I was pressing on feverishly, spurred by these thoughts, when the sharp sound made by a horse's hoof striking a stone caught my ear. It came from the front, and I drew to the side of the road and crouched low to let the traveller go by. I fancied that I could distinguish the tramp of three horses, but when the men loomed darkly into sight I could discern only two figures.

Perhaps I rose a little too high to make this out. At any rate, I had not counted on the horses, the nearer of which, as it passed me, shied violently from me. The rider was almost dismounted by the violence of the movement, but in a twinkling had his horse again in hand, and before I knew what I was doing he was urging it upon me. I dared not move, for to move was to betray my presence; but this did not avail, for the rider in a minute made out the outline of my figure.

"Hola!" he cried, sharply. "Who are you there, who lie in wait to break men's necks? Speak, man, or—"

But I caught his bridle. "M. de Géol," I said, my heart beating against my ribs.

"Stand back!" he cried, peering at me. He did not know my voice. "Who is it?"

"It is I, M. de Saux," I answered, joyfully.

"Why, man, I thought that you were at Nîmes," he exclaimed, in a tone of great astonishment, "this week past. We have your horse here."

"Here? My horse?"

"To be sure! Your good friend here has it in charge from Millau. But where have you been? And what are you doing here?" he continued, suspiciously.

"I lost my passport. It was stolen by Froment."

He whistled.

"And at Villeraugues they stopped me," I continued. "I have been there since."

"Ah!" he said, dryly. "That comes of travelling in bad company, M. le Vicomte. And to-night, I suppose, you were—"

"Going to get away!" I answered, bluntly. "But you? I thought that you had passed these six days?"

"No," he said. "I was detained. And now I would advise you to mount and return with me."

"I will," I said, briskly. "And you will be able to tell them who I am."

"I?" he answered. "No, indeed. I do not know. I only know who you told me you were."

I fell to earth again, and for a moment stood glaring through the darkness at him. A moment only. For then out of the darkness came a voice. "Have no fear, M. le Vicomte, I can speak for you."

I started and stared. "Mon Dieu!" I said, tremblingly, "who spoke?"

"It is I, Buton," came the answer. "I have your horse, M. le Vicomte."

It was Buton the blacksmith, Captain Buton of the Committee.

Needless to say, when we rode into the village ten minutes later, the Committee, awed by the credentials which Buton carried, raised no farther objection to my journey. And twelve hours afterwards we three, so strangely thrown together, passed through Sumène. We slept at Sauve, and presently, leaving behind us the late winter of the mountains, with its frost and snow, began to descend in sunshine the western slope of the Rhone Valley. All day we rode through balmy air, between fields and gardens and olive groves, the white dust, the white houses, the white cliffs, eloquent of the south. And a little before sunset we came in sight of Nîmes, and hailed the end of our long journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORESTRY AND THRIFT.

It is beginning to be seen by communities not specially æsthetic that there is a close connection, after all, between beauty in the landscape and dollars. A lament arose in Maine some time since over the greedy shearing off of picturesque woodlands for immediate gain, to the great detriment of greater and more permanent values. There were some at least who saw—with whom no higher motives were dominant—that to destroy ruthlessly the scenic charm in the landscape was really to reduce the revenues from the city and summer boarder. And in Maine, as well as in other parts of New England, the millions of dollars that come from entertaining the urban and summer contingent constitute in rural neighborhoods by far their most important income.

More recently in New Hampshire the fortunate discovery of a new money value in forests has been awakened, and we see it reflected in the newly made forestry commission there. This body in its second annual report, lately issued, has come to the conclusion that the State must make no delay in enacting measures to preserve the forests. If it does not, the glory and beauty of the White Mountains will surely go. Between the cupidity of the numerous private owners of the forests and the greed of the lumberman there will soon be little left to save.

As the habit now is, whole acres are wastefully shorn, without a break, under the lumberman's axe, with the same unintelligent and causeless destruction that would happen to a fish-pond if nets were laid so as to exterminate the small and the large fry totally, and without thought for the future. This is emphatically killing the goose that lays the golden egg; and the forest farmer and lumberman must somehow be made to see it.

The forestry commission proposes that the State exercise freely the right of eminent domain in the creation of forest preserves. In no other way can there be unity and efficiency of action. The diversified owners, and even the communities most directly affected, cannot, when the right sentiment is in the majority, exert an effectual influence to make tree-cutting reasonable and harmless. But if the State demands this it can make the White Mountain forests "a source of constant income, unfailing water-supply, and perpetual scenic pleasure."

This is a plea that may well go further than through New Hampshire. There is not a government park in the far West, and hardly a spot in the Adirondacks, which is in quite close enough custody to-day, after all that has been suggested and done to save them. As to the bits of scenery and rare groves which no law surrounds, what constant and needless despoilment of them we see everywhere! On how many country roads a few casual and ancient trees add, of themselves, an inestimable and haunting charm to the whole landscape! And yet who has not seen, at the instance of a single owner, often, in two days' time, a raid upon these precious landmarks which neither a new planting nor time itself shall repair?

This particular bereavement there seems to be no suggestion of an immediate remedy for; though in parts of Europe the forest guard, and not the philistine, even if he is the owner, holds this part of Nature's beauty in trust. And it is the saving to the owner himself of his more enduring interest over his transient greed that this legalized custody accomplishes.

It is pleasant to know that the pulp-mill companies in New Hampshire, and perhaps elsewhere, as the writer in the Springfield *Republican* says, "cut no tree less than twelve inches through, and find their profit in it, while the beauty of the hills is not destroyed." By this method the beautiful spruce forests yield a large revenue, while they visibly remain. Now that Arbor day is so widely established, let us have the appeal to thrift and to law both emphasized. The teachings of Ruskin and Thoreau and of the poets will be in place too. There are none too many forces on the side of picturesqueness and true thrift, while over the children's blackboard may be put the motto of that writer who said, "It was a beautiful thought when God thought of making a tree."

JOEL BENTON.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The English seem, the most of them, to be writing two kinds of novels at present: the old-fashioned novel of adventure, with heroes and heroines and villains in them, and lots of fighting and incision and blood-shedding, and perils and escapes; and a new-fashioned novel of emotions and manners, and moral and intellectual poses of several bizarre sorts. I am past the age when pyrotechnics and explosives amuse, and the commoner feats of legerdemain console, and so I do not read the first of these two kinds of novels at all; but now and then I read one of the second. Both kinds seem to me wholly inferior to the fiction of other countries, where people deal artistically and not hysterically with life; but if you will once put the question of art out of your mind, you will perhaps be interested by some of the curious stuff you will find in the English novel of emotions and manners. You will at least be moved to conjecture concerning the world they represent, and may possibly find your account in wondering whether such a world anywhere really exists, whether there are anywhere such men, and above all such women.

I.

A very characteristic example of the kind of English fiction I mean is a story or a study by the author of that startlingly clever book, *A Girl in the Carpathians*, which was almost too startlingly clever. In her recent novel you feel that in freeing herself from the allegiance to fact altogether, and availing herself frankly of the arts of invention, she has perhaps given her creative powers too great scope. It may not be so, but if it is not so, then we are confronted with actualities that have apparently no counterpart in our own simpler life. The daughter of an English peer and cabinet minister, who has fed her mind upon sociology almost from the cradle, and has lived her most daring convictions as fast she has got them, finds herself in the necessity of telling a young man that she loves him, in order that he may fully understand her behavior in the moment of letting him put on her glove for her. He is quite as candid, and confesses that he has no love for her whatever; but afterwards he comes to love her, and though by this time she is not so sure of her love for him, or perhaps of her wish to marry him, she does not mind his kissing her a number of times, and behaving toward her with all the just ardor of an accepted lover. In the mean time she has lost her mother, and in the reflections that she has made beside her bier, she has divined that her mother never loved her father, but only loved her child. It then appears to her that if she cannot feel the one kind of love in her own marriage, she can feel the other; and so when she meets the man who does love her, and accepts him, she is again in the necessity of being extremely frank, and opens her heart to this effect. She has not cared that he is already married in everything but form, that he is what she calls a widower; she has chosen him, with due regard to the qualities of his mind, and the general excellence of his character, simply as the man who can best afford her the means of the kind of love she believes herself most capable of feeling. One cannot be very distinct about all this, or fully report the lengths and breadths to which this very new young woman allows herself to go in her talk; but it is no more than honest to add that except for her wrong-headedness, as some people may think it, there

is nothing wrong about her. She is a good daughter, an admirable friend, a true person in every relation of life, and of course without stain.

II.

The present question is not, however, whether she behaved wisely or not, but whether she, or anything very like her, ever happened. I confess I have my doubts, and I have my doubts of the existence of the New Woman on any extended scale, outside of the fancy of the writers and readers of certain books; the writers seem to have created her, and the readers believe in her. There has always been the woman who goes to lengths and breadths in her talk, and the woman who goes to lengths and breadths in her behavior; and undoubtedly now there is a tendency to free women from the control of mere convention more and more, which is a very good thing. Men have to let them ask why men may do certain wrong things and women may not, but apparently they do not abuse this right to go and do the wrong things because men have no good answer to make. So much of new womanhood as this seems to be in the air, and the air is all the fresher and purer for it; but if any one will observe the facts, will he find more than this? The New Woman is the type of woman whom fictive art is just now dealing with, because she amuses, and because she is easier to do than the woman with less salient characteristics. We notice her in life because we have found her in books, and because we have begun to notice her in life, she abounds in books more and more, and again more in life. One cannot say just how such things originate, or how they will end. An artist draws a succession of charming pictures from some tall, slender girl; the tall, slender girl seems to step from them into the street, and then you can get nothing but tall, slender girls in any of the illustrations. Nature and art seem to play into each other's hands, and by-and-by they seem to get tired of this plaything or that, and suddenly drop it. Perhaps in time, in a very short time, the New Woman will be flung out on the dust heap, with her clothes in tatters, her nose broken, an eye gone, an arm pulled out, and the sawdust oozing from every pore.

This will happen after she has got into life out of the books much more than I think she has done as yet. As yet she seems to me a phrase, like *fin de siècle*, and she does not vitally mean anything. There is no more *fin de siècle* now than there was before the century was in its teens. Time is continuous; there are days and months; but otherwise it does not divide itself into epochs, except in the imagination of men. The eternal womanly is even more continuous; she is maid, and wife and mother; but otherwise, except in the imagination of men, she does not divide herself into any other very distinctive phases. Of course she has her moods, as time has, but the moods are personal, rather than generic, and after they are past, she remains very much what she has been from the beginning of the world. The eternal womanly may now be in one of these moods, and the mood may be that of some such newness of ideals, of purposes, of principles, and of attitudes as is attributed to her by the books.

III.

One of the great signs of this novelty, perhaps the chief sign, seems to be smoking. The New Woman, by all the witnesses, smokes, and she smokes cigarettes. In the novel I have spoken of she smokes so habitually that when the young man she has made love to brings back a book he has borrowed with a hole burnt into it from his cigarette ash, she begs him not to mind in the least, for it was very likely to have happened from her own cigarette ash, and when she and two of her girl friends meet for a quiet talk, they light their cigarettes and smoke and talk like three young men. There is really no more reason why they should not do it, than why the young men should smoke; in the vices, as in the virtues, there is no sex, though some causists pretend to make a distinction, and I am not saying that smoking is a vice. The question is whether English girls do smoke, or smoke in real life. It is said that they do, and very generally, but I suspect that, if it were looked for, the proof might be wanting. I feel pretty sure that it would be wanting in the case of American girls, and I think I could confidently call upon the average diner-out to testify whether he has seen women among us light their cigars or cigarettes after dinner. In my own slight observance I have never once happened to find the air of the drawing-room, whither the ladies have withdrawn to have their coffee, in sad exile at the signal of the hostess, blue with the fumes of tobacco; and the only taint of it that I have ever perceived has been brought by the men who rejoined them there; they smell of it, abominably, all the rest of the evening. It is very possible that our women are still ashamed of smoking, and that they only smoke privately, or very confidentially. One hears of their smoking, of their smoking all the time, of their never having a cigarette out of their mouths, and such things, but it is not easy to verify the facts, and I must confess that with a life-long willingness to note their peculiarities, the American women whom I have seen smoking were exactly two, and no more. I once saw a Russian woman smoking before the Caffè Florian, and during a four years' sojourn in Venice I saw but one other woman smoke. She was a Venetian, and she said, plaintively, while she lighted a very large and very black cigar which an American had given her, "Why should they," the men, namely, "deny us this innocent pleasure?" and I suppose that there was some criticism of the habit among her compatriots. Of course I know that in the South, with us, the women of the Cracker class smoke, and in the earlier days throughout the West it was common for elderly women to smoke. They generally smoked clay pipes, or corn-cob pipes, and I suppose their smoking was not in any wise symbolical of a social or moral newness. In the absence of statistics, each of us must decide from his own knowledge whether the New Woman, if she has come, has come smoking.

But if she has not come smoking, has she come at all? She is distinguished, among those who have imagined her, from former phases of the eternal womanly. She is not what used to be called the woman of the period, she is by no means what used to be called fast, even in the less reproachful sense of the word. She is supposed to have certain views of marriage; she is supposed to have asked herself what her status would be if there was no marriage, in rare and extreme cases she is supposed to have tried to find out. Whether she is for the enlargement of her civic rights or not, as a rule, it would not be easy to say; but she takes herself seriously, and she wishes to be thought serious when she does not take herself seriously. It would be hard to find her historical antetype; perhaps Mary Wollstonecraft, who was a New Woman about this time a hundred years ago, is as nearly she as any one who could be found in history; but Mary Wollstonecraft was tragically in earnest, and the New Woman of our time does not go so far as tragedy outside of the novels. New-Womanhood is a pose, but, if such a thing can be, an unconscious pose, or, if it cannot be, a semi-conscious pose.

IV.

The New Woman who comes smoking, comes talking, and she talks to all lengths and breadths in fiction. But if this is true, has she come talking in any greater number than before? There were always women who liked the excitement of thin ice, in their choice of topics, especially if the water was not very deep underneath, and this sort are still sliding about in conversation. Perhaps there is really a greater frankness in the matters spoken of in mixed companies than there was a generation ago, but within the same period women have greatly abridged the freedom of their innocent relations with men in our own country. The chaperon has come, and has come to stay, in all her superfluity, as it would have been accounted by mothers of daughters when they were only daughters themselves. In this respect the American woman of 1895 is vastly less new than the woman of 1845, for what was really a novelty among young people, and of our own invention, has been exchanged, in good society at least, for a remnant of the old conditions which Europe has been slowly outgrowing, and which we had flung aside with our political allegiance to England. It was one of the few social growths indigenous to our soil, it was graceful and sweet and pretty, and it was rooted in our purer life; but for the last quarter of a century we have been rapidly recolonizing ourselves, and in nothing more than in our wish to extinguish the charming liberty that once existed among young people here.

I suppose there is a sort of newness in women's wish to know rather more of all sorts of things than they used; they have a great many contrivances for the improvement of their minds; they take up different varieties of work, sociological and economical; they interest themselves in the condition of the poor; they have opinions favorable to the unhappy; they wish to take large views, and to act helpfully and generously; and I should be very glad to believe that men were equally renewing themselves in the same ways. But we do not hear much of the New Man, and we are left to believe that he has not only not arrived, but has not started. No one really knows whether he has arrived or not, however, except the New Woman, and she is still so uncertain herself, in life, that we have no means of authenticating him from her knowledge. In fiction, such fiction as I began with in this rambling inquiry, he is not a pleasant companion. He is rude to the new girl, brutally rude, and he is not very kind to the old girl. He says and does things that only the lady novelist has hitherto conceived of men's doings, and his behavior in fiction makes us willing to get on without him in life for a long time yet. What is certain is that if the New Man ever does come, the New Woman will be too good for him, just as the old woman is too good for the old man now, and always has been.

W. D. Howells.

ARMY UNIFORMS.

The subject of what to wear always seems to be a vexed question in our little army, and the advantages and disadvantages of this or that pattern of coat or cap are discussed over and over again in all departments of the service, from the headquarters of the general officer commanding the army to the barracks of a one company post on the remote frontier. Many changes in the prescribed uniform have occurred since the days of "the war," but most of such changes have been but a continuation of slight modifications—not always in the way of improvement—in the uniform in general use in the Federal forces at that time, at least as far as the fatigue or undress uniform of the army is concerned. The blue sack-coat of that period gradually evolved into the five-button blouse with rolling collar. This gave place only a year or two ago to a much braided buttonless garment with standing collar, which now, *vide* a recent War Department order, is to be deprived of most of its braid, and in its much simpler aspect is to be the regulation service or undress coat of commissioned officers until the next change comes, while the present forage-cap, a shallow-topped survival of the French képi, disappears to make room for a marvelous contrivance in the way of head gear for both officers and enlisted men.

The new blouse is very simple in design; in cut and general shape much the same as that now in use, but braided only on "the front edges, the bottom, the collar, and on each side," where there is a "vertical opening on each hip." The letters U.S. in gold and the distinctive insignia of the branch of the service to which the officer belongs will be attached to the collar, the present forage-cap ornament being worn for that purpose—ornamentation of an illustrated reading matter kind. The sword-belt will be worn under the garment as at present, the sword-hook passing through the vertical opening on the left side, except in field service, when it will be worn outside the blouse, the revolver, as is the custom in our service, being carried in a holster on the right side of the belt. It would seem that the main advantage possessed by the new blouse over the coat now in use lies in its reduced cost owing to the suppression of the ornamental braid on breast and sleeves.

The present forage-cap is not a very practical or comfortable head-covering, but it has a certain jaunty military air entirely lacking in that to be worn in the army after January 1, 1896, unless a kind Providence causes a change to come over the minds of the gentlemen having in charge the regulations governing the clothing of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Made of dark blue cloth, three and one-quarter inches high, this cap has a black mohair "band one and a half inches wide, with projecting welts, a visor of black patent-leather," and is in shape a cross between the cap of a sleeping-car porter and that now worn by naval officers. You may see something like it every day on the heads of many bicycle-riders, and it requires no great flight of fancy to picture the eager glee of a street urchin inquiring of some honest fellow, in town "on pass" and doomed by department order to wear this most unmartial-looking head-piece, what had happened to his wheel, or whether he had "bust his tire." While comfort and practicability are the main things to be considered in all military dress and equipment, it seems obvious that due regard for attractive and soldierly appearance should not be lost sight of

Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

IX.

It is asserted by the advocates of the free coinage of silver that what is known as the "demonetization" of silver has caused the general decline in prices that has gone on for many years throughout the world. There has, in fact, been no demonetization of silver. In all large commercial countries, except Great Britain, there is to-day a large supply of silver of full legal-tender value. So far as silver has been affected by the laws, additions to this supply have been stopped. Even in Great Britain there is $112,000,000 of subsidiary silver; in other words, there is very nearly as much silver as there is paper currency in the United Kingdom. In this country, as we have seen from an examination of the report of the Director of the Mint, there is full legal-tender silver currency amounting to $549,700,000. In France there is $434,300,000 in full legal-tender silver; and in Germany there is $105,000,000. The estimated stock of full legal-tender silver in the whole world is $3,435,800,000. Therefore prices have not gone down because silver is not used as money of full purchasing power. It is so used. Moreover, in this country the era of low prices has come since silver began to circulate as legal tender. In 1872 there were no silver dollars in circulation. In speaking of silver I never refer to the subsidiary coin, for it is mere token money used for purposes of change. Silver dollars and certificates began to circulate in 1878. In that year dollars to the amount of $1,209,251 circulated, about $15,000,000 being in the Treasury. Silver certificates of the value of $1,462,600 were engraved and printed, but only $7080 got into circulation. In 1880 the silver dollars in circulation amounted to $20,110,557, and the silver certificates to $5,789,569. In 1890 the amounts of silver coin and certificates in circulation were respectively $56,278,749 and $297,556,238—a total of $353,834,987. This amount was slightly increased in the following years, and in 1894 the total amount of silver in circulation in this country was $379,555,398. If low prices are dependent on the scarcity of silver, it would follow that prices ought to have risen during these years. The fact that the prices of nearly all commodities, including silver, fell, however, tends to show that there is no relation between the employment of silver as money and what are known as the market values of commodities.

So far as silver bullion itself is concerned, the laws of the United States intended to increase its price have not had that effect. The average price of silver bullion in 1873 was $1 298 a fine ounce, and a silver dollar, measured by the gold standard, was worth $1.004. The fall in price was not rapid immediately after the enactment of the law of 1873, which was merely the recognition of an existing fact—the non-use of silver as money. The decline was steady, however, and in 1878 Congress undertook to check it by the passage of a law, usually called the Bland law, which made it the duty of the government to purchase every month a certain amount of silver bullion. The average price of silver bullion in 1879 was lower than the average price for 1878 had been by about 3 cents an ounce. There was a slight rise in 1880, but after that the decline in prices was resumed, until in 1890 it was about $1 05 an ounce, which was nearly 12 cents higher than the price of 1889. In 1890 the Sherman act was passed. This law was much more "friendly to silver" than the law of 1878 had been, and a good deal was expected of it by the silver men. It added immensely to the government's stock of silver. The amount of silver coin and bullion in the Treasury increased from 1890 to 1894 from $346,597,273 to $513,174,338. The expense to the government also was enormous. Under the act of 1878 the government purchased 291,272,019 ounces, at a cost of $308,279,261. Under the act of 1890 it bought 168,674,683 ounces, at a cost of $155,931,002. At present prices this mass of bullion is worth about $275,968,021—a loss of about $156,000,000. These great sums were paid by the tax-payers of this country for the purpose of maintaining silver as a money metal; and what was the result? In the first place, the efforts to thus establish silver created a doubt as to our credit, and helped to bring on a panic, and the President was compelled to call Congress together in an extra session for the purpose of repealing the law that was the source of so much trouble. In the second place, they did not restore prices. Silver itself continued to fall. In 1891 it sold for about 99 cents an ounce; 1892, for 87 cents; in 1893, for 78 cents; in 1894 the price fell below 60 cents; and now its price is about 67 cents.

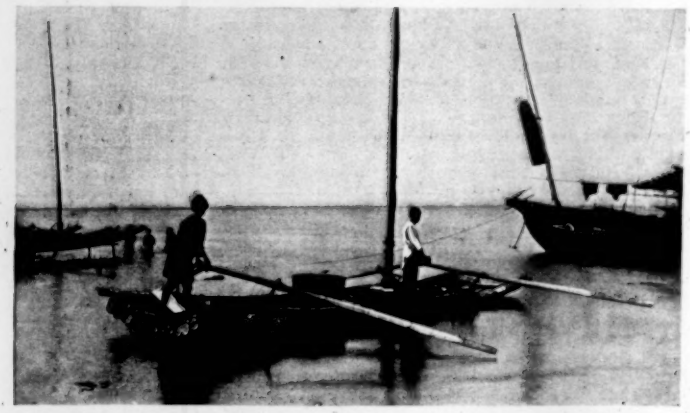
The effect of these experiments with silver shows conclusively that the amount of money in the country has no influence on prices. We have seen how the total amount of all kinds of currency has increased, and also the increase in the amount of silver alone, both in circulation and in the Treasury, since the year which means so much to Coin and his disciples, if he really has any—the year 1873. Notwithstanding this increase in the amount of money, prices have gone down. Middling cotton brought 20 cents in 1873; it brought 6 $\frac{24}{100}$ cents in 1894; it fell to 5 $\frac{3}{16}$ cents in February, 1895, and is now back to 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ cents. Sheetings have been reduced from 13 cents to 5 cents a yard; standard prints, from 11 to 5 cents; wool, from prices ranging from 47 to 70 cents to prices ranging from 19 to 23 cents, according to quality and season. Prices were not increased by increase of money, nor by the passage of laws friendly to silver. The act of 1878 did not check the decline, while the act of 1890, if it produced any effect, must have expedited it, for prices fell all the faster after the passage of that law. Wheat and corn rose a little after 1878 until 1882, but their prices fell in 1883, without any connection with silver legislation, or even with the price of silver, for silver continued to decline while wheat and corn were rising, as the following table will show:

	Silver per ounce.	Wheat per bushel.	Corn per bushel.
1879	$1 123	$1.212	49.8 cents.
1880	1.145	1.270	55.1 "
1881	1.138	1.318	63.1 "
1882	1.136	1.278	80.1 "

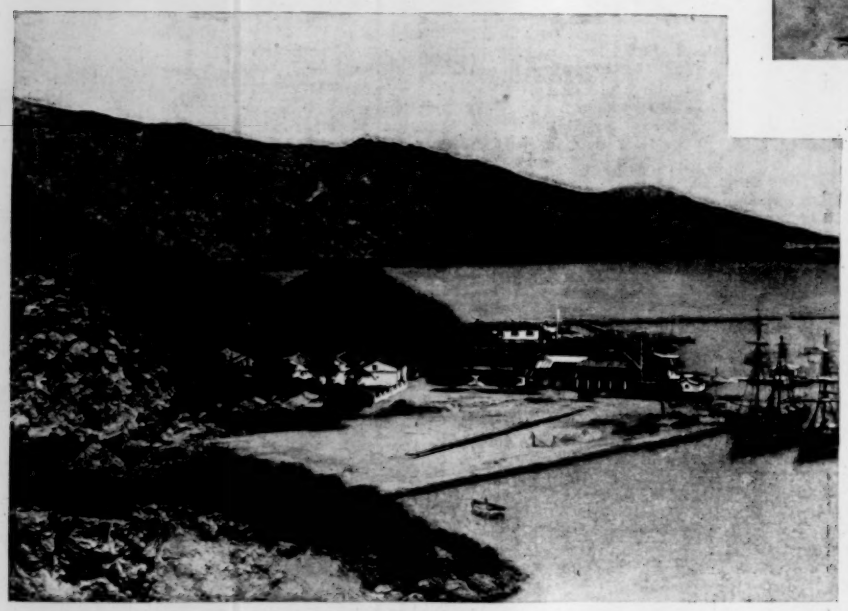
It will be seen that even the prices of corn and wheat are not interdependent. But the rest of this subject must be postponed for another paper.

H. L. N.

APPROACH TO TAMSUI AT LOW TIDE.
This Harbor has a troublesome Bar, which greatly retards the Growth of the Port.



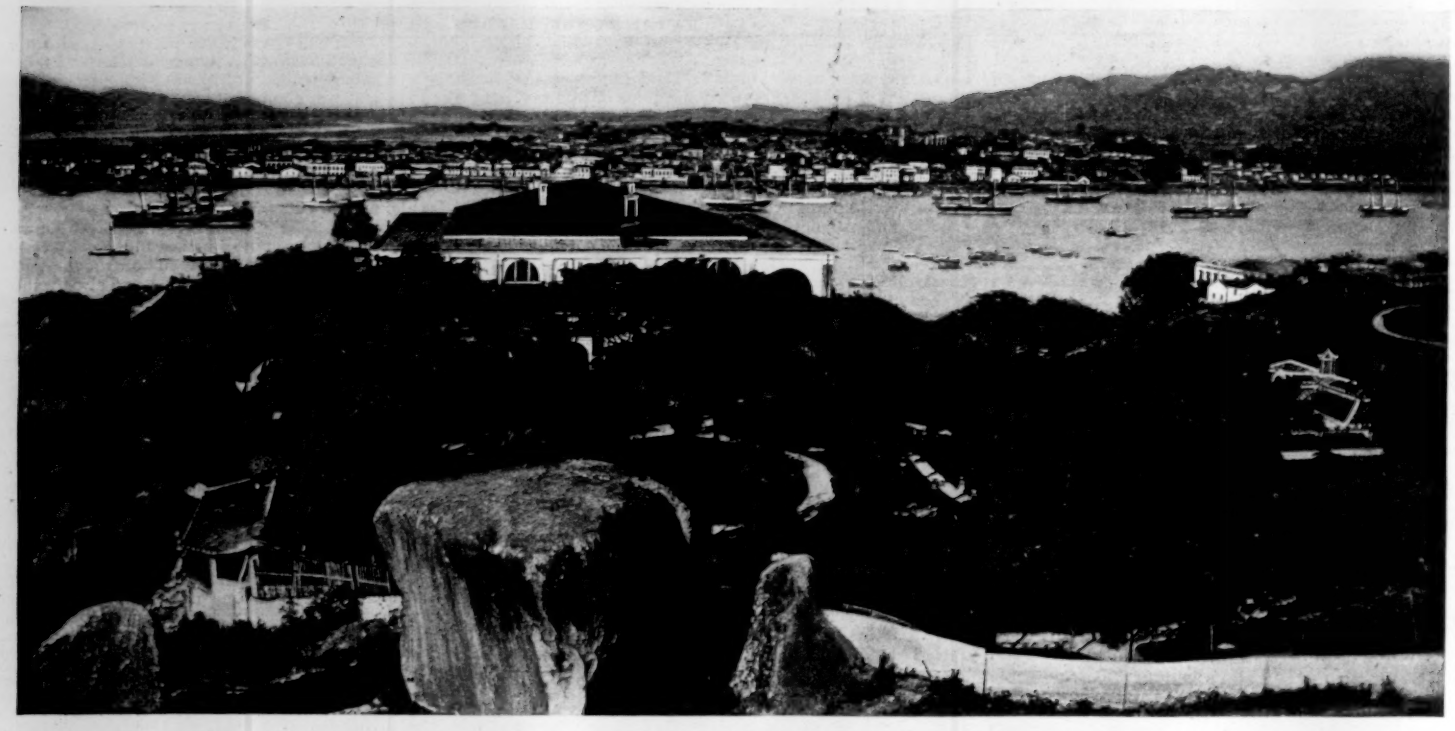
FORMOSAN SAMPAN.



TAKOW, ONE OF THE SOUTHERN TREATY PORTS.

A GENTLEMAN OF LOO-CHOO.

FORMOSAN GIRL.



THE HARBOR OF KEE-LUNG—A SMALL TOWN WITH A LARGE EXPORT TRADE IN COAL.

SPRING AND THE SPORTSMAN.

BY JAMES BARNES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. S. V. ALLEN.

FARMERS are rejoicing. Spring arrives with everything that the poet and the school-boy ever wrote about it. The birds and blossoms come, and the sportsman—I do not mean the devotee of rod and gun, but the sportsman who sports without killing—feels the itch in him to be up and doing. The country tempts him, and a fine day makes his heart desire hills, meadows, and pure air.

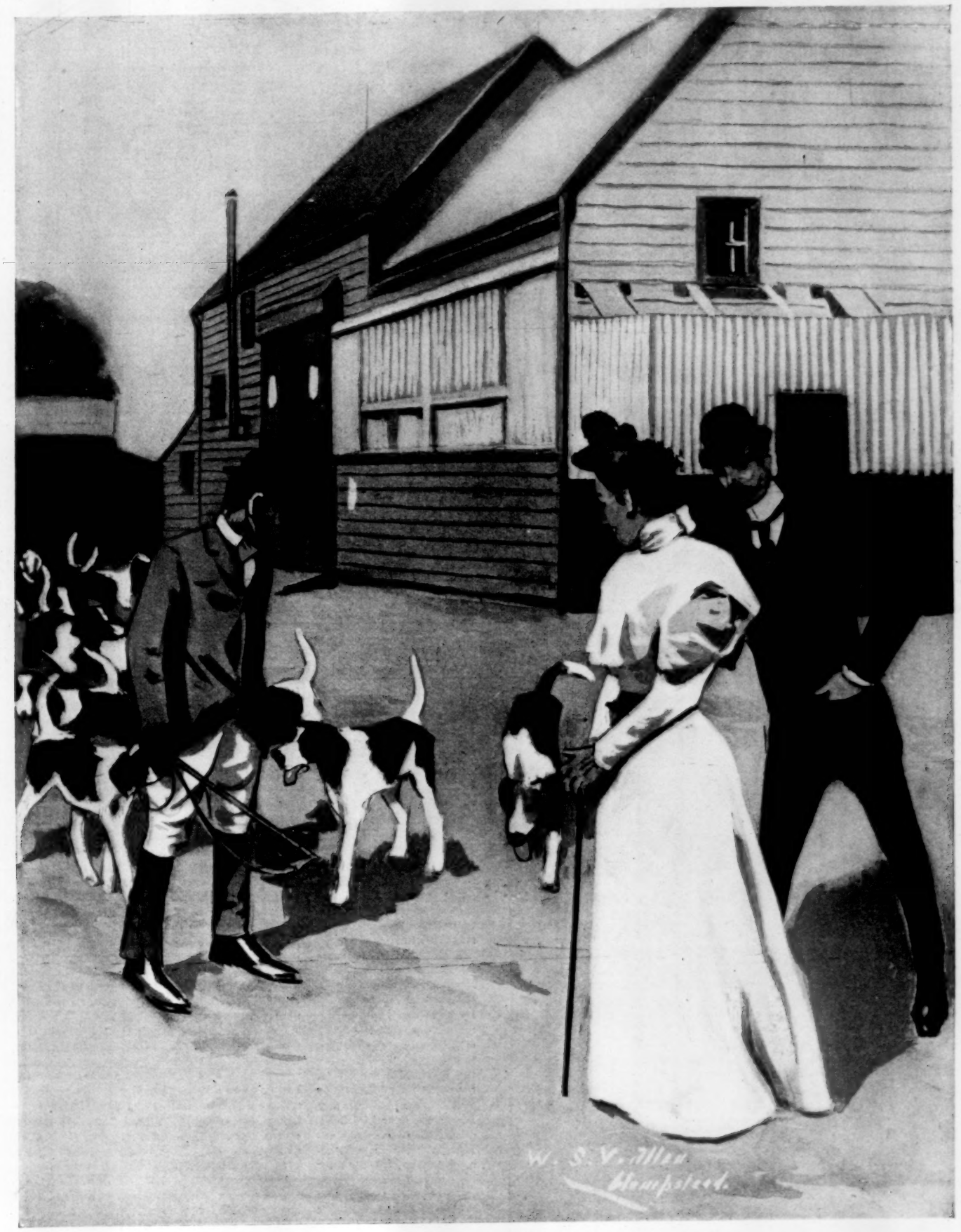
It has been said that when an Anglo-Saxon occupies a new country, be it through purchase or conquest, he looks for a long stretch of green upon which he can roll something. It is his first thought. Give him a ball to toss about and he can keep himself from all mischief.

Some nations must fight, some nations sing, others must be eating, drinking, or dancing to be happy; but give the Anglo-Saxon a bit of stick and anything that can stand being knocked about, and he will let the others hunt for trouble. There is still a great deal of the Anglo-Saxon in the American disposition.

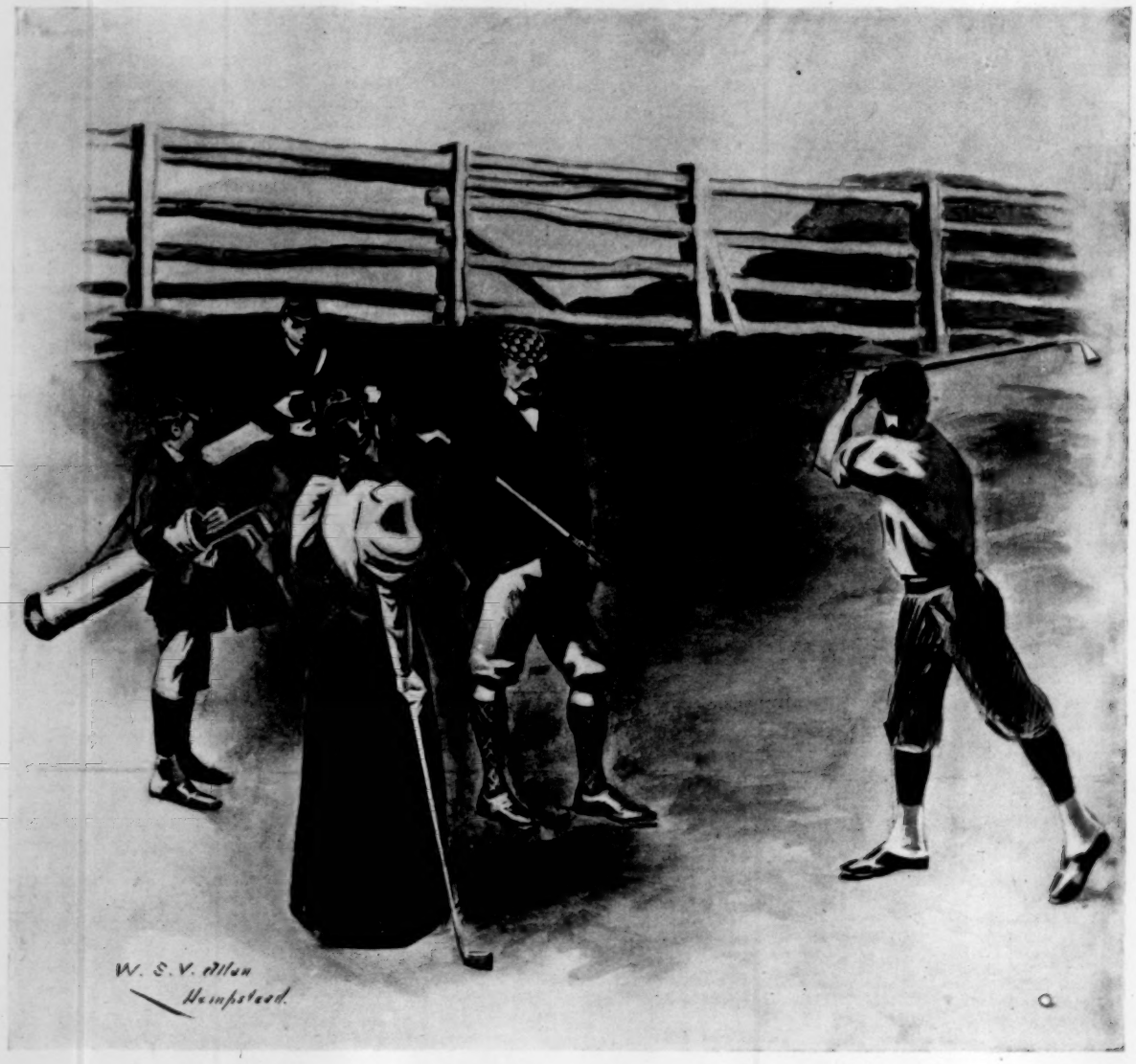
We have developed a different type, perhaps, from that of the mother-country, but in many respects the development has been along parallel lines; the same long-limbed, broad-shouldered youngster of nineteen or twenty is to be found on both sides of the water.

There is no doubt about it that baseball is our national game, and yet it can easily be traced back to the old game of rounders, still played by the small boys with big collars and short jackets at the English public schools; but now, strange to say, there has been a reciprocity of ideas on the subject of sport between the mother-country and our own. Baseball leagues have lately been formed in England, and the game so long "pooh-poohed" in that country has evidently found quite a foothold.

In many ways it has advantages which cricket cannot claim. It probably does not take so long to become an expert player. In fact, there are two schools from which have been graduated most of the professionals who draw large salaries from the various



A VISIT TO THE HOUNDS.



GOLF IN THE MORNING.

leagues and associations—the corner lot and the college baseball field.

The element which I think made baseball our national and favorite sport is the quickness with which the game may be played. Only a part of an afternoon is necessary to play the nine innings, and when once the niceties of the game are understood there is an excitement about it to the on-looker that cricket can only present to the player himself.

I do not suppose, with the exception of a few cricket matches in England, there are ever such multitudes of wildly excited spectators to be found anywhere as go every day to the baseball ground, and sit in the broiling sun applauding the players and resenting or cheering the decisions of the umpire.

It often takes two days to play a cricket match. An afternoon may be passed while a skilful player is tiring out the opposing players by continual blocking. He may even carry his bat from start to finish, having defended his wicket so skilfully that he has managed to stay in the game, though he has placed few runs to his credit, and has added but little excitement so far as active playing is concerned.

A VIEW OF THE MEET.

Philadelphia is the home of cricket in America. It was played there at least forty years ago, and the traditions have been handed down until we have succeeded in getting together an American eleven that has humbled more than once our visiting insular cousins.

But it has been proverbial that the middle-aged Englishman is more of a boy, and has more capacity for showing it, than the middle-aged man of any other nation. Give him a holiday and he starts for the open. He swings on his oar up the Thames, or will walk about all day with a bat over his shoulder for the chance of standing up before a middle-aged bowler, mayhap, for the space of ten seconds at his club wicket; and now that golf has come to his rescue, this athlete, or, better, out-door sportsman, of forty-five, has found the panacea for all his discontent. With the American middle-aged man, however, it is different.

It takes three generations, they say, to make a cricketer; the Scotch claim as many to make a golfer; but the minor sports, even the most bigoted must allow, can be handed down from a father to his son, or, for that matter, handed up in the other direction.

The middle-aged American is rarely an open-air sportsman, or if he is one he is sure to be a duffer, and is apt to receive instructions in the finer points of any out-door game from his boy in knickerbockers. But the younger men, who now hustle out of the city on holidays and high days to the country clubs and the athletic organizations within easy distance, are going to produce a generation of the middle-aged "good 'uns." With the American adaptability, we have taken up many sports, in which we have quickly learned to excel. Just see how young they are with us, how old in other countries, and yet what stand we take, and how widely our out-door sports are spreading!

Tennis, for instance. Played in the days of old Prince Hal, and kept up more or less since throughout all parts of England, it came to this country not so many years ago, and we still possess the ridiculously twisted rackets with which we bandied the ball back and forth over a net trimmed forsooth with red, white, and blue tassels. But the game took hold so quickly that well-built courts became necessary adjuncts to every country place; our young men began to brace up in their style of play, and in the first three or four years of the game we produced some players that made quite a good showing against those of the older country, who perhaps had inherited the knowledge of the right way to place a ball and to return a volley.

One cannot ride through the country in any direction now where the city boarder penetrates without seeing a tennis net stretched across an uneven bit of meadow-land, and, playing over it, the young man on his vacation, who has acquired a habit of feeling for the pen behind his ear, and is prone to affect short flannel trousers and a red Tam o' Shanter. It is a good sign of the times, and it is not so long ago that he would have lain in the hammock all day long, sipping lemonade and loading his tired figure-haunted brain with summer literature.

One hears much lately of the spread of the golf fever. Call it "fever" if you will; it is a grand old disease to have, and has come to stay.

What has been described as "chasing a quinine pill about a ten-acre lot" can give the greatest amount of pleasure and exercise for the least amount of money (and

with a minimum of danger) of any sport in the world, and we have in this country a few very excellent natural links.

In the Shinnecock Hills, and in many places along the coast of Long Island, among the sand dunes, can be found stretches of country that quite equal those of the other side; also on Staten Island and some places up the Hudson are good natural links. Putting-greens are not hard to make. Every man can be his own caddy, and if not, the American small boy makes a good substitute, and the golf paraphernalia requires but a small outlay. All that is necessary is time and inclination. Encourage the inclination and the time is found easily enough.

It is a good sign that the middle-aged American has found this out, and has a purpose to draw him away from the city and to give his lungs a chance to fill with good fresh air, when a few years ago he would have staid in town or lounged at the club on the plea that sports were too violent.

It is all foolishness to make fun of many things on the ground that we are imitating foreign customs or manners of any sort. If a game or a costume is sensible and healthy, let us take it up, no matter from what source it springs. There is nothing false in this. We have borrowed lacrosse from the Indians, and polo was played by the ancient Assyrians back in Old Testament days, archæologists tell us; but we have inherited many sports that have been allowed to sink into desuetude because hitherto we have had to chop down trees or build up fortunes. We are no longer pioneers. Too many of the trees have been chopped down, and enough money made patron saint of polo in America by introducing it one summer many years ago at Newport, and here also it filled (to be trite) a long-felt want, and was taken up by a dozen or so young gentlemen who had sufficient money to indulge in an English groom and to support two or three ponies, besides themselves and their wardrobes. Another use was also found for our sure-footed plucky Western bronco, and he has developed into a compactly built little steed that can turn on a napkin, and appears to have been constructed especially for the game.

Even in a few places in the South has polo become popular. The writer remembers seeing at Aiken, South Carolina, a game between the members of one of our crack polo teams, who happened to have gathered there, and four young Southerners, that showed clearly that the gentlemen who rode so well when they followed General Morgan could ride as daringly after a white wooden ball. If my recollection serves me right, the gentlemen from the North were defeated, and one of them remarked after the game, "Give those chaps time and practice and they can astonish Newport!" But, so far as I know, they have never played out of their own country.

With the coming of fine weather and the forming of good turf, polo-playing and practice begin at the various clubs. Out at Hempstead, up in Westchester, and even at some of the colleges, the players begin to exercise themselves and their mounts. It is not necessary that men who play polo should be essentially rough riders. They form a different class, and, to tell the truth, good horsemen belong quite as much to one nation as to another. To say that the cowboy is a better rider than the Cossack, or the Cossack a better rider than the vaquero of South America, or, for that matter, the Arab of the Soudan, is foolish. Give each one of them his own style of saddle and he can worst the horse in any encounter. But these are the men who ride for their living and not for pleasure; the latter form a rough-riding class all by themselves.

The "sport of kings" has been followed from time immemorial in every country on the face of the round earth. Having a pack of dogs between one and some object they are chasing possesses a charm for every people that ever went to war.

Some need the accompaniment of bugle and music to inspire them, while others require nothing but the hounds' voices to set the blood tingling through their veins and inspire them with the courage and daring of knights at a tourney. Thus it is with the Anglo-Saxon especially; he is a rough rider for pleasure. He will risk breaking his neck, or his horse's—which is much more serious in his estimation—at any time, for the sheer delight of being near the spot where the quarry is run down by the yelping pack.

The Frenchman hunts through his deep forests and marshy meadows, and needs the winding horn and the gay caparisons to add to the zest of following the warrantable stag. But the Englishman, the Irishman, and the American, in their fox-hunting, ride in much different country from Monsieur le Duc.

Though we do not here at any of our meets turn out the enormous fields to be seen about the coverts in the English hunting country, yet we have produced many riders who can keep to the front with the best of them, and whose style of getting there, when riding in the mother-country, proves them to have the same blood in their veins as the gentlemen to right and left, whose fathers, grandfathers (and Lord knows how far back they go) were English squires who loved to hear the view halloo shouted on a clear crisp morning.

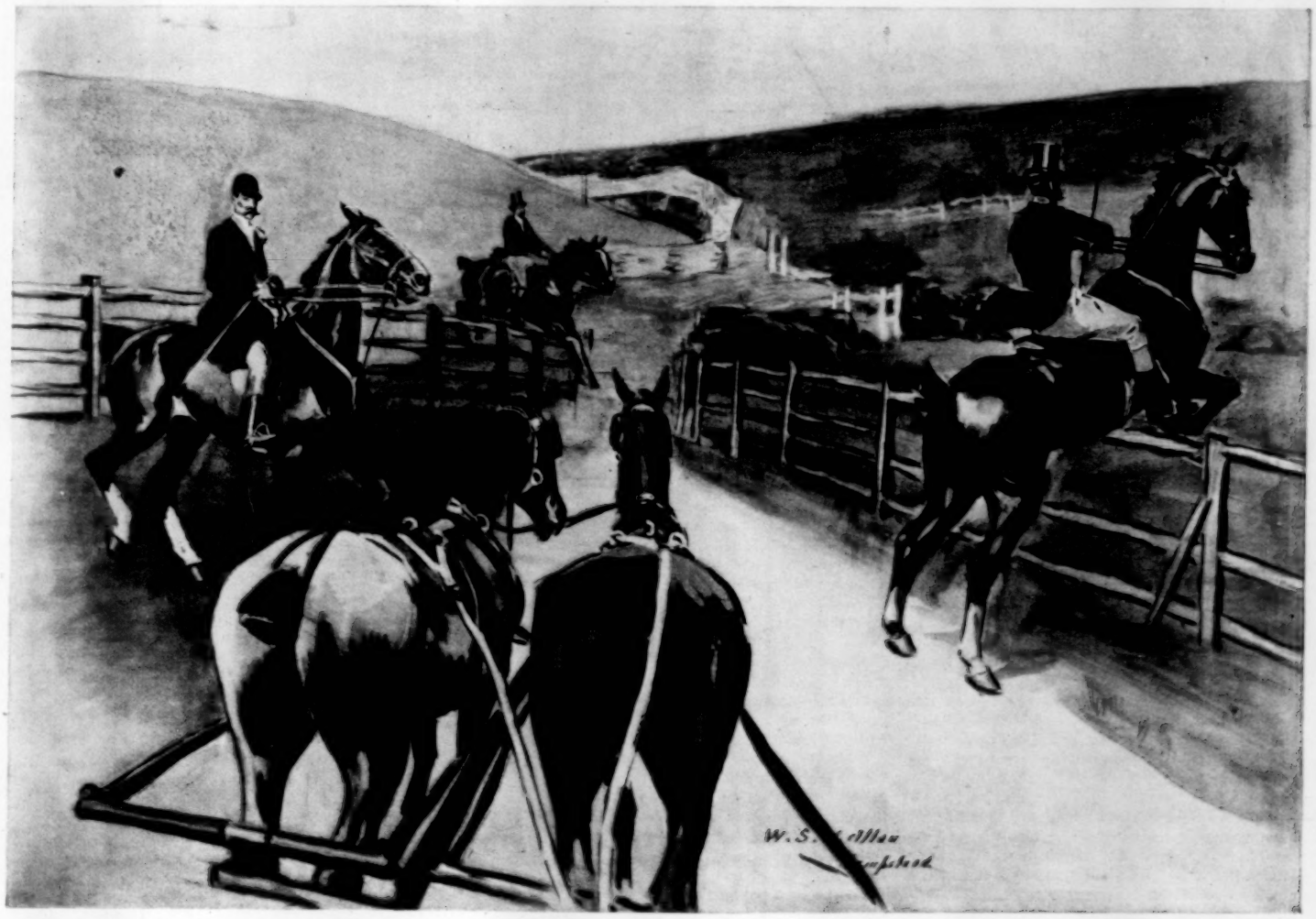
The man who rides to hounds views the approach of spring with a sense of great relief, for cross-country riding in the North in winter, on account of the weather, is next to impossible. If a man cannot afford to follow the flight of the wild-fowl to warmer lands, he must give up hunting until the frosts get well out of the ground.

It is given to this healthy enthusiast, the rider to hounds, to feel what his horse enjoys, and I have often wondered if this does not account for some of the recklessness shown in chasing the aniseseed bag, and if it is not a good joke on the horse after all, for he is generally not let into the secret. The hounds, you feel quite sure, must know it, and run from a sense of duty, which is a trait of character highly developed in the dog.

Spring runs occur quite frequently from our country clubs (and what blessings they are, to be sure!—the clubs, I mean). Any spring day men riding across country can be seen taking the fences and négotiating the ditches, even before the farmer has commenced to sow his seed. After that, unfortunately, there is some opposition from the latter-named gentleman on this side of the water, and he has a habit of asserting his American independence, and backing his position up with the powers of a shot-gun. Perhaps he is right, after all, from his point of view, but he should buy a horse and himself learn to ride. He would be welcome at the hunt, and it might do him worlds of good, for his life is not exciting.

In the Genesee Valley this has occurred. The farmers are members of the hunt, attend the hunt meetings, and subscribe to the support of the pack, and many of them can show a clean pair of heels to the young man from the seaboard in his white breeches and pink coat. This is another sign of the increase of our tendency toward out-door sports.

It is a crying shame that in America our roads and highways are allowed to get into so bad a condition at certain seasons of the year.



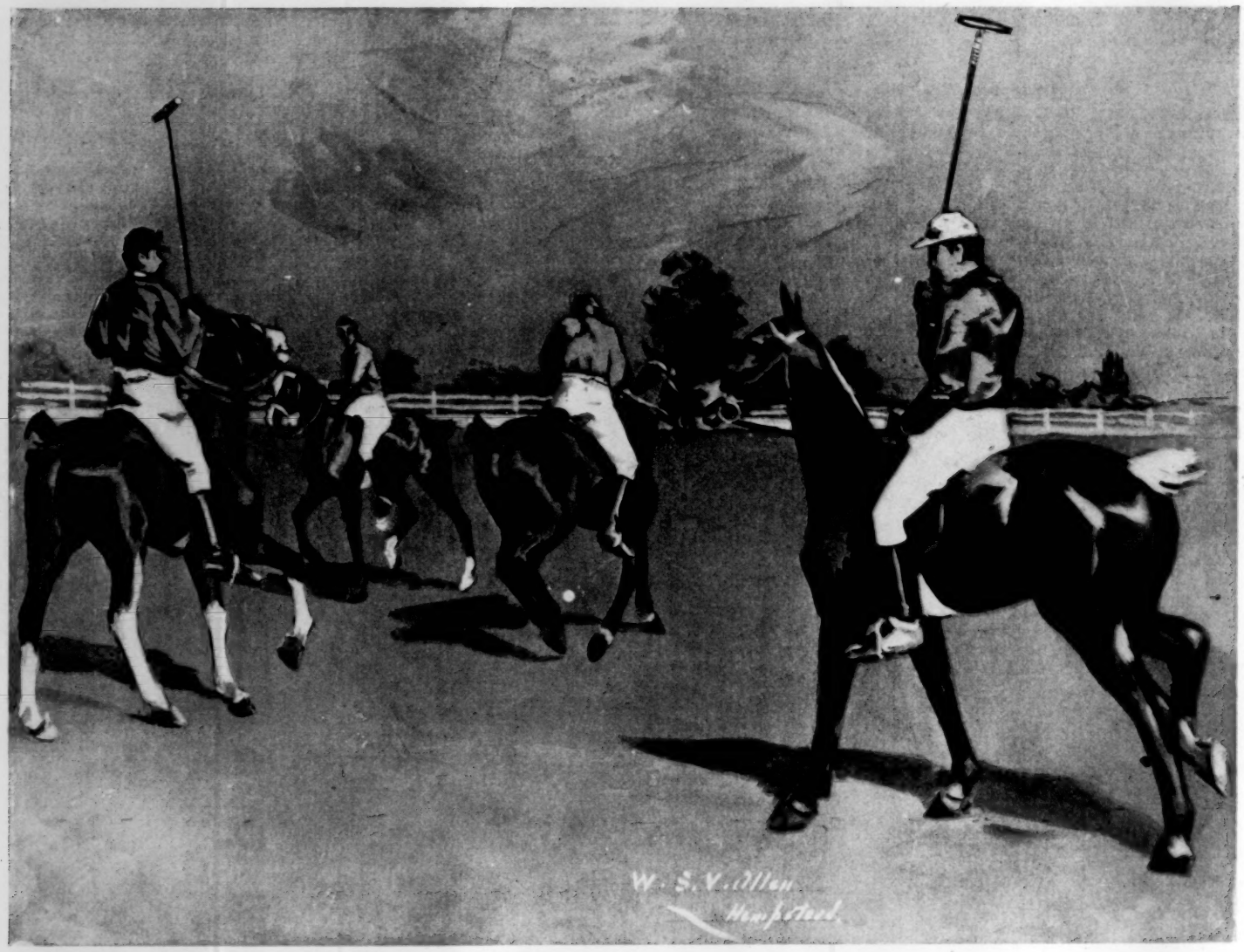
A RUN 'CROSS COUNTRY.

already for the holders of it to pause and to spend some of it, at least, in furthering manly sports.

It may not be long before we shall have the village schoolmaster challenging the shoemaker, and the shoemaker wresting the championship from the blacksmith in a match game on our national holiday.

Polo came to the rescue of the wealthy young man who loved horseflesh but did not wish to start a racing-stable. Originating, as has just been stated, with the gentlemen with the wire-mattress beards of the stone carvings, it made its way through Afghanistan into India, and when the Englishman found it there he went simply mad. Here was something that tickled his fancy and warmed the cockles of his heart. A chance to ride a horse and to knock something about with a stick! What more could he desire! Then, of course, there was the delight of getting ahead of somebody else, which all sporting nations feel; and the spice of danger, which was as necessary to his cup of pleasure as mint is to a julep.

I do not know how many times it has been placed on record that James Gordon Bennett elected himself the



POLO IN THE AFTERNOON.

Although there is hardly any little hamlet now that is not reached by some line of railroad—and the days of coaching, alas, are over—still we might profit by the example and experience of many older countries, and build roads that at least will keep in fairly good condition from one year's end to the other. But, instead of this, our country roads are still managed in the most primitive manner, and in the end cost much more money than if they had been well built by the State or county at the out-set.

Coaching is now confined to a very limited number of wealthy people, for it is the most expensive of the sports. A number of times in the last decade coaching routes have been established, and it was possible to follow the old post-road and to make the trip between New York and Philadelphia in the same manner that our grandfathers used to wind over the hills, past the old taverns and inns, stopping now and then for a relay of fresh horses, finding all the delight that open-air driving gives; but it is very expensive, and the matter-of-fact American would rather stick to the railroad and sit to his journey's end in the close air of an overheated Pullman or the thick atmosphere of the smoking-car.

If Tom, Jerry, and Logic, those rare old sporting pals, were to make a pilgrimage through England at the present day, and through some parts of this country, they would find that some ideas and sporting ways have changed from the customs of their days, and the changes, we believe, would certainly meet with their approval.

It is no longer a criterion of a man's prowess in the saddle that he should have spent the night before drinking a dozen bottles (if you believe the stories) of Burgundy, or losing thousands of pounds at the gaming-table. The modern sportsman takes better care of himself. He wants his head clear and his eye bright.

I wonder how the youth of the present age would compare with the youngsters of eighty or ninety years ago? I think the advantage would be with the product of our modern system.

Wellington is reported to have said, "Who won the battle of Waterloo but the football-players of old England?" This was quoted to me by an enthusiast, but I do not know his authority, and give it for what it is worth. Football was played in those days; in fact, it is one of the oldest Anglo-Saxon sports. Still, I wonder how our grandfathers or great-grandfathers in their youth would have withstood a hand-to-hand conflict of an hour and a half in any sort of weather, and kept good-humored and whole-limbed, over the struggle for the possession of an inflated leather ball.

Gymnasiums and college training must necessarily have done something for us. Common-sense methods of living and exercise have certainly shown in our women. Fragile Clarissas and lisping Angelinas of the old city life, as shown in the romances of the beginning of the century, no longer exist with us.

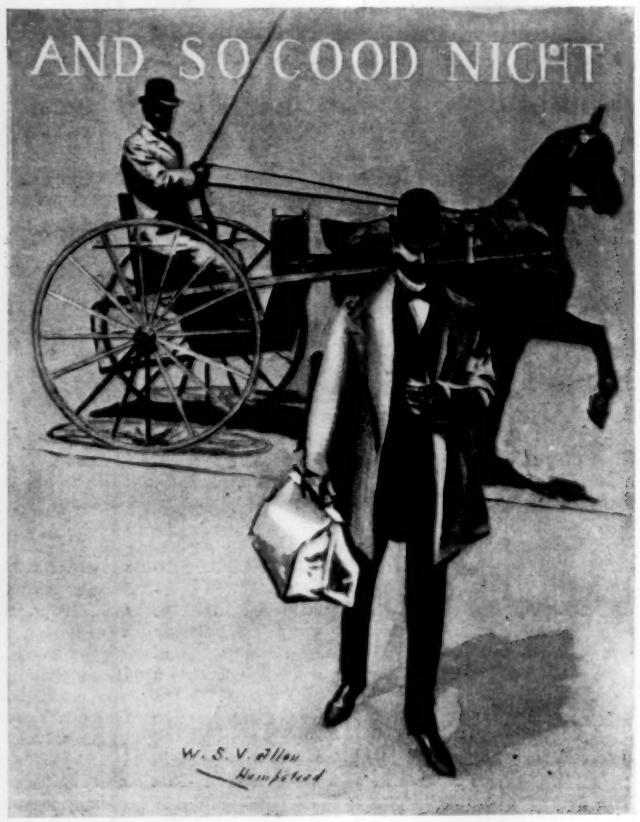
Broad-shouldered, straight-backed creatures have taken their place, and the city girl now mounts her bicycle (think of such a thing ten years ago!) and is off for a spin through the country, thinking nothing of covering her forty or fifty miles a day. She climbs mountains, she paper-chases and hunts with the best of us.

With the spring the bicycle is brought out of the riding-school, and the suburbs of every city, and, for that matter, the distant country roads, are filled with sensible people, pedalling along, and finding out that life is worth the living.

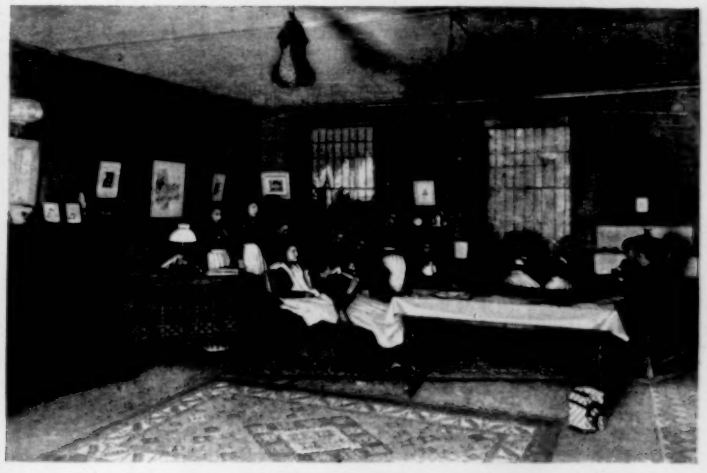
The present popularity of the bicycle has no doubt influenced the prices of horseflesh. Livery-stable-keepers, who have depended in a great measure upon the spring, when "a young man's fancy," etc., complain bitterly that there is no longer profit in possessing steady plodding nags that have a tendency to partial deafness. Even the trotter feels the lack of interest, and is more or less "out of it." An article in one of the big daily papers spoke seriously of the future of the horse as an article of food. "To what base uses!" Perish the thought! But, nevertheless, the increasing use of the bicycle is not a fad—there is too much genuine pleasure derived from riding when weather and roadway are both fine, and the means are now within reach of almost every one.

Yachting is no longer such an expensive sport, for the swift little 21-footer has come in vogue, and where there were one hundred yachtsmen there are now one thousand. Every little harbor along the Sound has its yacht club, and the young American has found that "out-of-doors" has many joys that most of our forefathers missed gaining. It is no longer necessary to make work of our pleasures, or to seek relaxation in sight-seeing. Everything is now to our hand, and we are beginning to realize it.

What results all this is going to have upon the future generations is yet to be seen, but it cannot be productive of aught else but good lungs and longevity.



BOYS' CLUB ROOM.



GIRLS' CLUB ROOM.

THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Estimate, Mayor Strong remarked that if he were Street-cleaning Commissioner he would "go through the tenement streets first, and let the rest of the city howl." "If you want that done, all right," said Colonel Waring; "it accords with my own ideas." His "own ideas" on the subject had been set forth a few days before, in a letter to the Mayor—a letter that attracted wide attention. In it he argued that in no part of the city were clean streets so essential to the health and comfort of the people as in the tenement-house region, and Delancey Street was taken as an example of the streets he had in mind.

On the very evening that this letter was made public I happened to visit Delancey Street, and its damp and noisome dirtiness lent force to the Commissioner's plea. The rough pavement was a half-dried watercourse, inches deep in slowly congealing slush, that would be frozen hard before daybreak, and melted thin again by noon the next day. Even the sidewalks were streaked with water and spattered with black mud. And the people who live in this street and the others of which this is a type have no dry clothing to put on when they come home bedraggled from their work. The Mayor knows of their needs, and so does the Commissioner; and hereafter, perhaps, when there has been a heavy fall of snow in New York it will be carted away from these East Side thoroughfares before it has thawed and refrozen a dozen times.

But others had discovered the needs of Delancey Street before Mayor Strong and Colonel Waring; for the long row of tenement-houses running eastward from the Bowery is broken, less than two blocks from its beginning, by a four-story building with plants growing in its white-curtained windows, and a general air of neatness and respectability setting it off from its next-door neighbors. Turning in at the side door (it used to be the side door of a saloon), I found the big hall on the ground-floor given up to a crowd of urchins, swinging their legs over parallel bars, turning somersaults on stout mattresses, and belaboring the air with dumbbells and Indian clubs. Up one flight of stairs, in front, a handful of boys and girls was gathered in the library and reading-room, poring intently upon books and magazines. The library was lined with bookshelves almost to the ceiling, and the reading-room hung with pictures of excellent quality, and plaster casts calculated to develop a taste for what is best in art. Books are taken out daily, and returned with scrupulous honesty, by a hundred boys and girls.

Behind these apartments sacred to the Muses some five-and-twenty young women applied themselves assiduously to a study of dress-making in its simpler branches. The scene, if not exactly a gay, was at least an animated one, and a glimpse of it sent me up to the third floor with invigorated step. Here a youth seated at the piano was playing familiar airs till his fellow-members of the "O.I.F." should be assembled. In the rear a pool-room (not of the sort aimed at in the Ives law) was in full blast, with a dozen young men chalking cues and pocketing elusive balls with the zest, if not the inerrancy, of so many Schaefers.

Ascending yet another flight of steps, I came upon the comfortable quarters occupied by Mr. James B. Reynolds, Head Worker of the Settlement, and his fellow-residents, and discovered that I had seen but a fraction of the manifold activities of the house. What I had *not* seen was the throng of depositors in the Penny Provident Bank, open on five afternoons in the week; the regular Saturday evening dance of the Neighborhood Guild; the Sunday evening concert or lecture and discussion. Other things that I heard about were the Tenth Ward Social Reform Club and its work, the sanitary inspections conducted by the residents and their local allies, the investigations in co-operation with the recent Tenement-house Commission, the Good Government Club and its great work on election day in overthrowing "Silver Dollar" Smith and preventing fraud at the polls, the classes in history, drawing, book-keeping, and stenography, the Potomac Cadets, the Little Women's Club, the Wadsworth Literary Society, the children's dancing-school, the annual flower show, the holiday trips to the country, the free legal and medical consultations, and the loan exhibition of paintings that drew nearly 60,000 souls to the settlement in a single month in the summer of 1893. Of all these I heard, but of none can I tell in detail, for I am allowed but 800 words to hint at all that is done in this veritable beehive, through whose beneficent doors 2000 people of this most densely crowded spot on earth pass weekly in their quest of something brighter and better than their barren cliff-dwellings afford.

When the Rev. Dr. Barnett, warden of Toynbee Hall, London, was in New York, three or four years ago, he asked me whether the people of the East Side were in the habit of reading. I replied that they were, but that what they read was trash. "You have more to hope for in dealing with them," was his rejoinder, "than we have in our work at the East End. It is better to read trash than to read nothing; for if a man is in the habit of reading, you may be able to get him to read something worth while. When *our* people are not at work they are asleep." The librarian of the University Settlement Society (Miss Helen Moore) is trying to get the East-Siders to read something "worth while," and one of the most encouraging symptoms of the settlement's work is the discriminating eagerness of the young folks to patronize the library. They show a keen scent for what is good, and it promises well for the future of the republic that these children of foreign parentage prefer histories of the United States to any other books.

It is a great and noble work, this University Settlement, and, as an editorial article in these columns not long since pointed out, it is in need not only of more workers, but of more members, for the fees paid by its beneficiaries fall far short of meeting the calls upon its purse. Of Fellows (at $100 a year) there are now eighteen, of Associates (at $25), seventy-two, and of Members (at $5), five hundred. These figures should be fifty, two hundred, and one thousand respectively.

Joseph B. Gilder.

THE JAPANESE IN FORMOSA.

On March 21, 1895, telegraphic sparks from beneath Oriental seas were translated, "The Japanese have taken Fisher's Island." Three days later the Pescadores were occupied. The Fourth Army, after months of special preparation at Hiroshima, is now in possession of one or more points of Formosa—the island Beautiful. One thing certain in the peace negotiations is the permanent cession of this link in the chain of Japanese islands. What since the thirteenth century has been sentimentally is henceforth actually "Ko-Koku"—the Mikado's Empire.

Incredible as it may seem, Formosa has only recently belonged to China. First named by Portuguese, the Dutch were first to attempt settlement. Not until the seventeenth century did the Chinese government pretend to exercise even a shadow of authority over the island, and then in only a comparatively small part of the western or nearest half. Of course, so far as the Chinese had any idea of the extent of the island eastward, they claimed it. This was on the same principle that they claimed pretty much the whole earth, and in their serious state documents spoke of European and other end-of-the-earth nations as "vassals," and their envoys as "tribute-bearers." In Chinese geographical literature, Formosa was "discovered" in a year corresponding to A. D. 1430, the Japanese having been there long before. This "discovery" took place notwithstanding that the bold outlines of the Formosa mountain ranges can plainly be seen on a clear day from the mainland of China, Mount Morrison in the centre being 12,850 feet high.

There are many islands and groups on the earth's surface called Fishermen's, or Pescadores, but that group between Formosa and China is now in the focus of the world's attention. There are twenty-one islets, the largest of which, called Panghu and Fisher Island, are in the centre of the cluster, with an excellent harbor between them. Panghu is eighty-four miles in circumference. None of the islands rise over 300 feet above the sea, and most of the 10,000 ordinary inhabitants are fishermen or mere garden farmers; yet in these islands begins the modern history of Formosa. From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century a succession of Japanese adventurers occupied them. In 1622 the bold sailors of the Dutch Republic hoisted the orange, white, and blue flag, and began the building, by forced Chinese labor, of a commercial station that should unite in one chain their factories from Batavia to Nagasaki in Japan. Then for the first time in Chinese history the slow imperial government moved, and persuaded the Dutchmen to leave the Pescadores and go over on Formosa. There, at Taiwan, the Dutch built a great fort, reared a promising settlement, and established the first large Protestant foreign missionary station in modern times. Besides hundreds of Dutch families, there were, during the thirty-one years of Dutch occupation, no fewer than twenty-six ordained ministers of the gospel. Various forts and villages were in time established. To-day the great stronghold at Taiwan, with a lofty banyan-tree growing out of its ruins, is the landmark for ships making the port. Over the main entry or gateway leading into the recently repaired fort on its northern side one still reads, "Te Castel Zeland Gebowed Anno 1630." Of the story of the destruction of this object-lesson in Western civilization in 1651 by the ferocious pirate Coxinga, born of a Japanese mother and a Chinese father, and called in the Japanese romances and histories Koku-Sen-Ya, who has not read?

The year 1683, when Coxinga's grandson surrendered his own, begins the formal Chinese claim to Formosa. They had sent the Dutch away from the Pescadores into territory that was foreign to China. It was well into the eighteenth century when scattered Chinese colonies were formed in the island, but very little that could be called government until 1874. Most of that government was ultra-Chinese; that is, plethora of the mandarin's pocket

RESIDENTS' DINING-ROOM AND PARLOR.

VIEW FROM ROOF SHOWING VICINITY.

and poverty to the tiller of the soil. One mandarin wrote, "Every three years an outbreak, every five years a rebellion." Yet even the few plains and valleys occupied by Chinese covered but a small area of a magnificent island over two hundred miles long and from seventy to eighty miles wide. In all the maps of China until 1874 the territory claimed by China was a comparatively narrow strip on the west coast and the northern tip of the island.

Looking at a map of the Japanese domain on a globe or Mercator's chart, we see the Island Empire lying in the ocean shaped like a great silk-worm, its head being the island of Kishiu, the southern tip of which resembles the mouth of the spinning worm. Spun out further southward, in a long chain reaching to within one degree of Formosa, is a long hank of islands, properly called, in Japanese popular and official language, Okinawa, or the Big Rope. From and below Formosa has come, in all probability, a constant drift of humanity, which has during the ages formed a large percentage of the population of southern Japan. As easily as beads slide on a rosary can these Japanese and Formosans reach each other. The savages of the great island are of the coppery tint recognizable in the Japanese, in features and figure also considerably resembling them, and wholly different in language and physique from the Chinese, whom they cordially detest, and upon whom they look exactly as the old Iroquois looked upon the Delawares. The shadows of history are seen in the Japanese Bible, called the Kojiki, for many of the myths and fairy tales of ancient Japan point toward Formosa and the islands of the Long Rope. The "Eternal Land" of sacred myth and poetry is more likely to be Formosa than Riukiu. As a matter of fact, in historic times, not only did Japanese fight, trade, and settle in Formosa, and even southward to the Philippines, but thousands of refugee Christians, during and after the persecutions, fled to Formosa and southward.

These matters are commonplace to Japanese scholars and to European students. In 1874, after a crew of fifty-four men from Miyako Island, the Japanese possession nearest Formosa, was wrecked, and the men barbarously murdered by Formosan savages, an expedition under General Saigo was despatched to punish these "Botans." This was after assurance had been given at Peking that the western and southern part of Formosa were not under Chinese jurisdiction. Into the details of that expedition, which have been graphically told by Mr. E. H. House in his invaluable monograph, we need not enter. He, with American military advisers, accompanied the expedition. Suffice it to say that the Chinese persuaded the Japanese to leave the island after the latter had chastised the savages. The Peking government paid a handsome indemnity, justified the Japanese in their course, and promised to police the island and sea-coast in the interests of civilization. How poorly that promise has been kept all the world knows.

There is no mystery in the American sympathy with Japan to-day, nor was there any in 1874. The Japanese were trying to do for the peace of the East and the security of commerce what Western governments, especially that of the United States, had shamefully neglected to do. It is not too late to recall here the fact of the shipwreck of the American bark *Rover*, which in 1867 was wrecked on the southeastern shore of the island. Captain Hunt, his wife, and every man of the crew, with the single exception of a Chinese sailor who had hidden himself, were barbarously murdered by the savages. When our consul at Amoy demanded satisfaction from the Chinese mandarins on the western coast of Formosa, they promptly declared their inability to interfere with the savage people of the eastern side. Only when our minister in Peking pressed upon the Tsung-li Yamen the doctrine that as China professed to rule Formosa, she was responsible for the deeds of all the inhabitants thereof, did the Chinese authorities even express a disposition to punish the murderers and reputed cannibals.

On the walls of the Annapolis Naval Academy is set a marble tablet commemorating the death of Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Slidell MacKenzie—almost the only thing, except some long-since-buried papers in the State and Navy departments, which tells of the defeat of our gallant sailors at the hands of Formosan savages, and the utter neglect of our government to do anything further. It was a dark day in our records when, on June 19, 1867, Admiral Charles H. Bell landed from the *Hartford* and *Wyoming* a little band of 181 officers, sailors, and marines to chastise the men who had murdered the American Captain Hunt and his crew. The battle, in clearing and jungle, was short, sharp, decisive. The Americans were driven off with the loss of a noble officer, and nothing further was done. Almost as a matter of course the Chinese government went to sleep, and the savages indulged still further from time to time their natural propensities. Knowing that no satisfaction could be got from Peking, the Japanese dared to move in the interests of civilization, and intelligent Americans who did not take their cue from the Anglo-Japan papers sympathized with them.

As a matter of fact, even to-day, Formosa, in the two parts, western and eastern, is as different as candy and quicksilver. Over one-half the island independent aboriginal tribes follow their own sweet will, despising the Chinese with a contempt that never loses an opportunity of expression. One of the richest islands in the world menaces commerce along all its western side. Nominally in possession since the seventeenth century, the Chinese have been able to establish rule only along the western coast. The natives look upon the Chinese as their game; they are head-hunters, like the Dyaks of Borneo, and the statistics show that about a thousand heads are still annually removed and carried away from Chinese bodies by these playful savages. Yet, despite all this, the fertile soil attracts numerous Chinese emigrants, and our American minister Denby reported that Lin-ming-chuan, who so ably defended the island against the French in 1884–5, was doing much in the way of establishing order and developing resources. In one year four hundred villages, with 70,000 people, embraced Chinese civilization, and 20,000 acres of land, once abandoned on account of savage marauders, have been reclaimed.

Coal and camphor are the most valuable products, and vast forests of camphor-trees exist as yet untouched by the axe. The great coal-mines of Tamsui and Kee-lung, though having an output of over 100,000 tons annually, are hardly profitable under Chinese methods. Petroleum oil has also been found, but foreign methods are not yet adopted. Sulphur is abundant. The soil is exactly suited to the production of tea, and many thousand acres are now green with the bushes which produce the so-called Oolong. The sugar cane flourishes luxuriously. When we think of the spices and various mineral and vegetable products, there seems little doubt that Formosa, under scientific agriculture, with proper roads, police, and the appliances of civilization, might be made one of the most productive islands of the globe. This was the belief not only of our consul-general Le Gendre, who in 1867 went among the Botan savages and studied the whole problem, but also of the gentleman who became our first United States minister to Japan. Mr. Townsend Harris as early as 1854 gave the results of his studies in a memorial to the State Department.

Formosa, on its savage or eastern side, walled seaward as it is with an abrupt mountain slope, has scarcely a harbor worth speaking of, but on the western or gently sloping side of this prolonged island mountain there are good roadsteads which may be dignified by the name of harbors. Takow, Taiwanfoo, Tamsui, and Kee-lung have been for some years open to foreign trade. Most of the tea, sugar, and coal exported are consumed by Japan, Australia, and the United States. The camphor goes mostly to Europe.

Within the past ten years the defences of Formosa have attracted the attention of the Chinese military authorities, and we all know that the French in 1884–5 did not find it as easy to enter Kee-lung as they had expected. All four of the treaty ports in Formosa, and especially the Pescadores islands, have been fortified on the general principle of the defences of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei; that is to say, under German engineers. The armament consists largely of Armstrong guns in the older forts, though some of the heaviest Krupp cannon of the most approved type are well mounted on the later works. These have been greatly strengthened, provisioned, and garrisoned within the past year. The telegraph connects the main island and the Pescadores by cables, which are respectively twenty and thirty nautical miles long, with Amoy on the continent.

For Formosa, Chinese sentiment, such as it is, can be very slight indeed, since no real historical, dynastic, or ancestral ties link Formosa to the empire. But politically the desire to keep an island that is within sight of their own mainland is naturally great, when its possible riches are contemplated, when its strategic condition is considered "a portal to the southern China Sea and a bulwark for seven provinces," and when, especially, possession by the Japanese would mean constant menace and humiliation.

On the Japanese side, apart from the eager zeal of a propagandist of Asia of Western civilization, apart from a desire to police a robber's stronghold and transform it into a light-house for the world's commerce, apart from the coveted possession of a certainly rich and fertile soil, apart from a large territory that would give logical completion and geographical perfection to her Island Empire, the Japanese have an intense *sentimental* desire for Formosa, like that of the Russians for Constantinople. He who tries to understand the Japanese without appraising their deep and tenacious sentiment born of legend, story, poetry, and fairy-lore is sure to mistake them. The Japanese want Formosa, apart from all other considerations, because it is a large part of their sentimental creed to believe that it *ought* to be theirs. While the war is on, they will leave no stone unturned or shot unfired to gain it.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

KNIGHTHOODS AND BARONETCIES FOR ENGLISH JOURNALISTS.

NOTHING better illustrates the change which in the last thirty years has come over the English press in its relationship to the government than the manner in which nowadays the government rewards newspaper proprietors and journalists whom it considers to have rendered it useful partisan service. Thirty years ago, before daily newspapers were the great commercial undertakings they now are, and before the English civil service was reformed, and entrance to it barred by competitive examinations, governments rewarded newspaper proprietors by granting them a share of the advertising patronage controlled by the Treasury, and newspaper editors and editorial writers by bestowing on them subordinate but comparatively well-paid positions in the civil service. Nowadays there are no places in the civil service into which men can be thrust as reward for services rendered to a political party, either in Parliament or in the constituencies; and to the owners of prosperous daily newspapers the advertising patronage in the gift of the Treasury is a matter of small concern. Yet, as in the period which extended from the ministry of Lord North to that of Lord Palmerston, English governments still hold it to be desirable to reward political services rendered by newspapers, and Lord Salisbury and the Tory party were the first to hit upon a new form of reward. It was adopted in the closing days of the Tory government of 1874, and took the form of places in the list of honors which are promulgated on New-Year's eve, on the Queen's birthday, and when a government goes out of office. Two kinds of honors were bestowed on journalists by Lord Salisbury. Mr. Gladstone followed Lord Salisbury's example, and in his last administration added a third honor to the list. Lord Salisbury began with knighthoods. Later on he bestowed baronetcies; but knighthoods and baronetcies were the only honors he bestowed on newspaper proprietors and newspaper editors for journalistic services. Mr. Gladstone awarded both these honors to his supporters in the press, to the owners and editors of journals of the first rank, and here warded the country editors, whose political services had hitherto gone without official recognition, with places on the magisterial benches in the boroughs.

Baronetcies are usually reserved by both political parties for the proprietors of daily newspapers. Knighthoods are bestowed on salaried editors. Each of these honors carries the title of Sir; but in the case of a knighthood the title dies with its holder. The title of baronet, on the other hand, is passed from father to son, like that of a duke or an earl, and great wealth is held to be necessary to the due and dignified maintenance of a baronetcy. No pay attaches to the magisterial positions bestowed on the country editors. They are entirely honorary; but an editor who is of the Commission of the Peace is entitled to append the letters J. P. after his name, and his place on the magisterial bench adds to his local distinction.

The first journalist on whom Lord Salisbury bestowed a knighthood was Sir Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. Curiously enough, the *Post* is the paper whose editor, in the time of Lord North and the war of the Revolution, was the first journalist to receive a salary from the secret-service fund administered by North and Robinson. Robinson was George III.'s most notorious political henchman, and was for many years office and borough jobber to his Majesty. In 1880 Sir Algernon Borthwick was given only a knighthood; but a little later on, when Lord Salisbury knighted the editor of the paper, the proprietor was made a baronet.

About the same time knighthoods were bestowed on the editors of the Tory papers at Manchester and Sheffield. Lord Salisbury in recent years has been extremely mindful of his newspaper friends. When he went out of office in 1892 the owner of the *Globe* was raised to the peerage, and a baronetcy was conferred upon its editor. In the same way, and at the same time, the Liberal-Unionist journalists were rewarded by Lord Salisbury. The proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph* was made a baronet; so was the owner of the Birmingham *Daily Post*. Knighthoods were also bestowed on the proprietor of one of the Tory papers at Leeds, and upon the late Dr. William Smith, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

At the time Mr. Gladstone came into power, in 1892, there were no Liberal journalists on whom baronetcies or knighthoods had been bestowed. Mr. Gladstone, however, was so profuse in the distribution of honors to newspaper proprietors and editors, and Lord Rosebery has so diligently continued Mr. Gladstone's policy in this respect, that at the present time there are not more than three Liberal daily journals of any standing whose proprietors or editors are without titles. In two out of these three cases honors were offered, but declined.

The Liberals had been out of power for six or seven years when the Gladstone administration was formed in 1892. During this time the indebtedness of the Liberal party to the press had become quite considerable. In London, in Birmingham, in Newcastle, in Edinburgh, and in Aberdeen new daily and weekly papers had been set afoot, at enormous expense, by wealthy members of the Liberal party to replace journals which had taken the Unionist side in the split of 1886, and were consequently no longer of service to the Gladstonian Liberal cause. But all these men soon received the rewards they had practically bargained for when the papers were started. Baronetcies were bestowed on the men who found the money for the new daily journals in London, Birmingham, and Newcastle; but the Edinburgh and Aberdeen papers had proved too expensive, and had been allowed to drop out of existence before the government could reward the men who set them on foot. As for the editors now engaged in the Liberal cause, so many of them have received knighthoods since 1892 that when the Rosebery government goes out of office it will be hardly possible to find an editor of a daily journal of any standing upon whom this honor can be bestowed

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN assisted immigrant is making a lot of trouble in Louisiana. It is a plant, a water-hyacinth, which a man from New Orleans saw and admired about three years ago while on a visit to Colombia. He brought some bulbs of it home with him and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain. In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up with this invading flower; great masses of it are floating in the lake; rivers running into the lake are choked with it, and it has travelled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Colombia it is a harmless, flowering plant that grows in tubs, but in Louisiana the conditions suit it, and have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest the State has known since she lost the Louisiana Lottery.

Since the memorable occasion when Flannigan of Texas asked, "What are we here for?" and answered his own question, there has been a tendency to suppose that civil service reform was unpopular in Texas, and was thought to be a superfluous invention. That, on the contrary, so far as understood in Texas, it has been cordially accepted would seem to appear from the following letter lately received by a collector of customs on the Texan frontier:

Collector A. B. C., Blanktown, Texas.

DEAR SIR: haveing been informed by a friend of mine that there would be an increase of force put on in the Custom House service or rather civil service reform which will give me perhaps a chance for employment and that it was decided that any applicant trying for a posission would have to stand a test showing that he is a good Democrat now if my information is correct and you are willing to give me a trial, or a chance in the race I am perfectly willing for any board of examination to test my Democracy I know that I shall have no trubble to show up that I am and allways was a good Democrat whereever I have lived the Hon. John M. Smith spoke to me on his departure to Washington stateing that there would still be a chance for me to get a place and this is perhaps what he had referance to so you will kindly answer giveing perticulars in full in regards of my Information and if possible give me a place

Yours very Respectfully X. Y. Z.

Certainly this seems a worthy applicant, sincerely and even pathetically willing to satisfy any reasonable requirement that the new civil service reform has found occasion to invent.

It appears, from a long letter printed in the New York *Tribune* the other day, that the ordinary method of docking a horse's tail is to fasten him so that he cannot remonstrate, and then snip the end of the tail off with an instrument made for that purpose, and sear the stump with a hot iron. The president of the Society for the Preven-

tion of Cruelty to Animals protests against the barbarity of this practice. Without upholding or defending the custom of docking, it may be said that if horses' tails are to be docked at all there is a humane way to do it. A veterinarian who knows his business begins by a hypodermic application of local anæsthetics to the end of the tail, which deprives it of all sensation. Then he uncovers the bone, takes off as much of it as he sees fit, washes the wound with an antiseptic mixture, and sews it up so the hair is left growing from every part of the stump, as it was in the first place. The horse meanwhile stands calmly in the stall, unfastened except by his halter, and eats oats, looking around from time to time with an air of friendly interest in the operation. Even this comparatively merciful operation is not wholly free from the risk of lockjaw, but when properly done it seems to be entirely painless, and usually heals immediately and without fever. No doubt the proper place for the end of a horse's tail is on the end of the horse, but if it is to come off, there is a choice of ways of removing it. As it seems to be impossible to prevent docking altogether, the next best thing would seem to be to have the amputation humanely done.

Lineage would be more prized in America if more men who had it were more like the late Leverett Saltonstall, of Boston. Mr. Saltonstall had great store of colonial ancestors, and of the highest quality, and did them entire credit. Being a very good man, he had the felicity to look as good as he was. He had certain little Boston peculiarities or personalities of dress which became him, and helped, perhaps, to bring it about that strangers who saw him for the first time usually took pains to find out who he was. There was an appearance of cold water and fresh air and upright conduct about him that was perfectly in keeping with his character; and while he had a sincere respect for his forebears, he held it in combination with outspoken democratic sentiments and manners of frank and engaging courtesy. Good-looking good men are fairly abundant in Boston, but Bostonians of the type that Mr. Saltonstall realized are bound to be scarce everywhere so long as the world is no better than it is now. A fine and edifying figure faded out of the Puritan landscape when Mr. Saltonstall ceased to walk abroad.

Paul Cooper, of Albany (son of James Fenimore Cooper), who died last week, was not known as a writer, but dropped many pleasant gems of thought in discourse. It was he who admitted, in the glow of after-dinner conversation, that the two holidays he kept were Christmas and the anniversary of the great storm that blew the Pilgrim Fathers off the coast of New York and on to the rock of Plymouth.

Success and enlargement to Professors Price, Matthews, Woodberry, and Jackson, of Columbia College, in their purpose of establishing the American Dialect Society. They believe in dialect as a source of enrichment to the lawful American language, and their purpose is to gather American dialect wherever it grows and salt it down for use. Their present effort is made at the instigation of the English Dialect Society, which is compiling a dialect dictionary, and has hospitable intentions towards the dialects of America. Folks who come across curious dialect words, either in their travels or at home, are invited to send them in to the professors, or to Mr. E. H. Babbitt, the society's secretary.

The society has a great field. Think of the richness of the baseball dialect alone! of the dialect of the reform movement which gave us "mugwump" and "goo-goo"; of the curious and interesting dialect of the New York Four Hundred, and of the Bowery, fertile in crisp and vivid speech. The beauty of dialect words is that they are made to speak. Technical words and derivative words gotten up by learned persons are usually made to write, and the voice has to make the best of them. Most of them bite the tongue and lag in delivery, but the dialect words that fail in sudden significance or clog the organs of utterance don't get born. The great trouble with the more successful dialect words, to tell the truth, is that they are too good, and lure us out of the safe paths of legitimate expression.

Word comes from Chicago (through the correspondent of the *Critic*, for one) that a lively interest in Christian science has been awakened in that town. The *Critic's* informant speaks of an acute awakening of the desire for knowledge in the Chicago breast, attested by the formation of Christian science classes all over the city, and the importation from Boston of a seeress of exceptional perceptions and great price, who is leading the more advanced pupils up into the higher levels of therapeutic thought. Inasmuch as the ultimate developments of Christian science seem to be toward vegetarianism, it is a bold move on the part of the scientists to invade the stronghold of meat, though if beef continues to be scarce and dear, Chicago boarding-house-keepers, at least, should welcome it.

It is bold, too, to invade a city so anxious as Chicago is to grow, for one of the peculiarities of the Christian science philosophy (as understood by the present writer) is that it divests itself of all responsibility for the perpetuation of the human species, favoring theories about marriage that are analogous to those set forth by Tolstoi in the "Kreutzer Sonata," and resting on the conviction that there will be sure to be plenty of children born into the world anyhow, without the co-operation of truly wise persons who know better than to undertake parental responsibilities. Nevertheless, Chicago will like Christian science. It is lively, contemporaneous, and surprising, eminently fit to flourish in a town where the imagination is so active and conduct so untrammelled as in the great prairie metropolis. Hitherto it has not gained a vogue in any great city comparable to what it enjoys in Boston. Its course in Chicago will be followed with a good deal of interest. E. S. MARTIN.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

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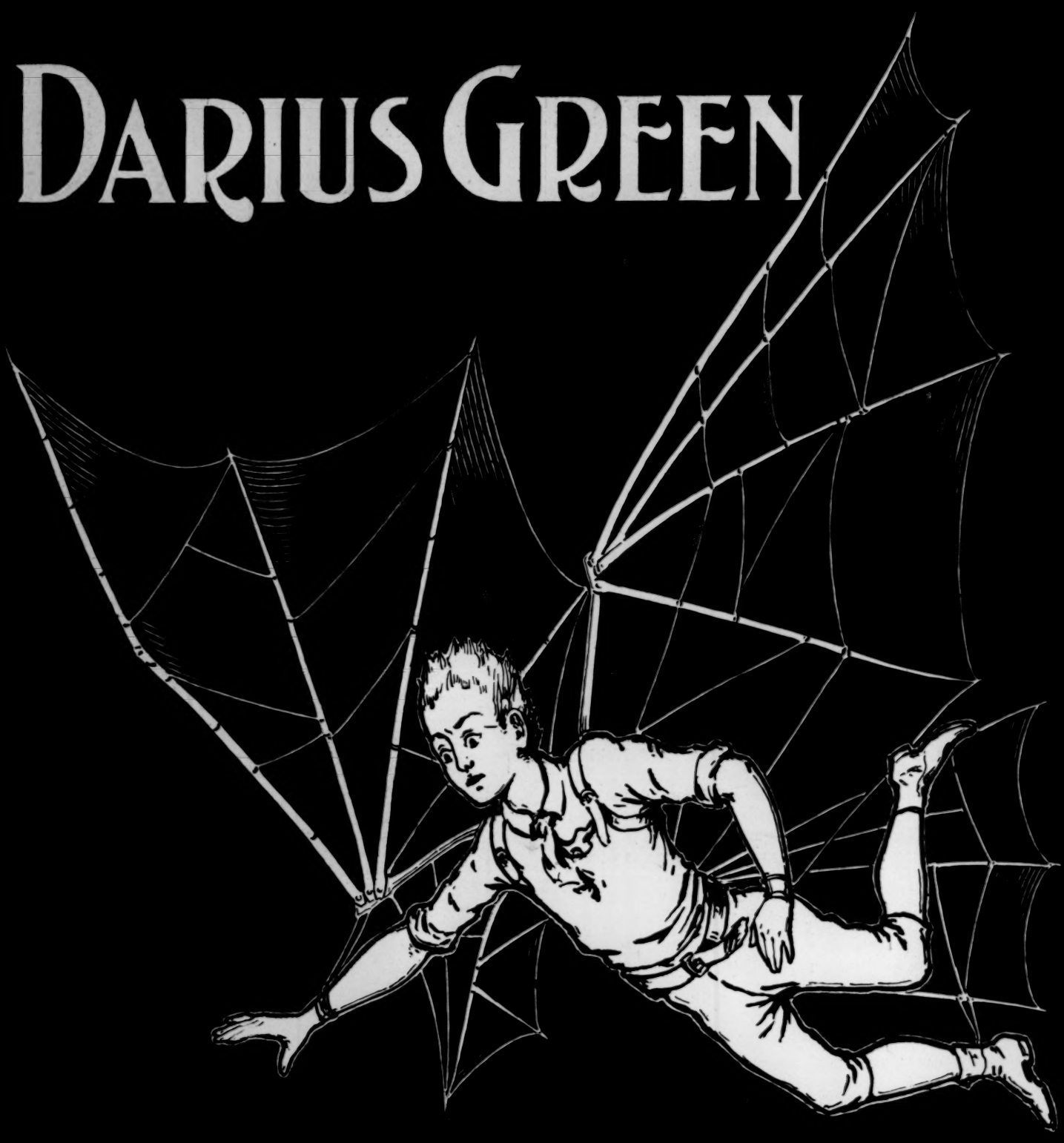

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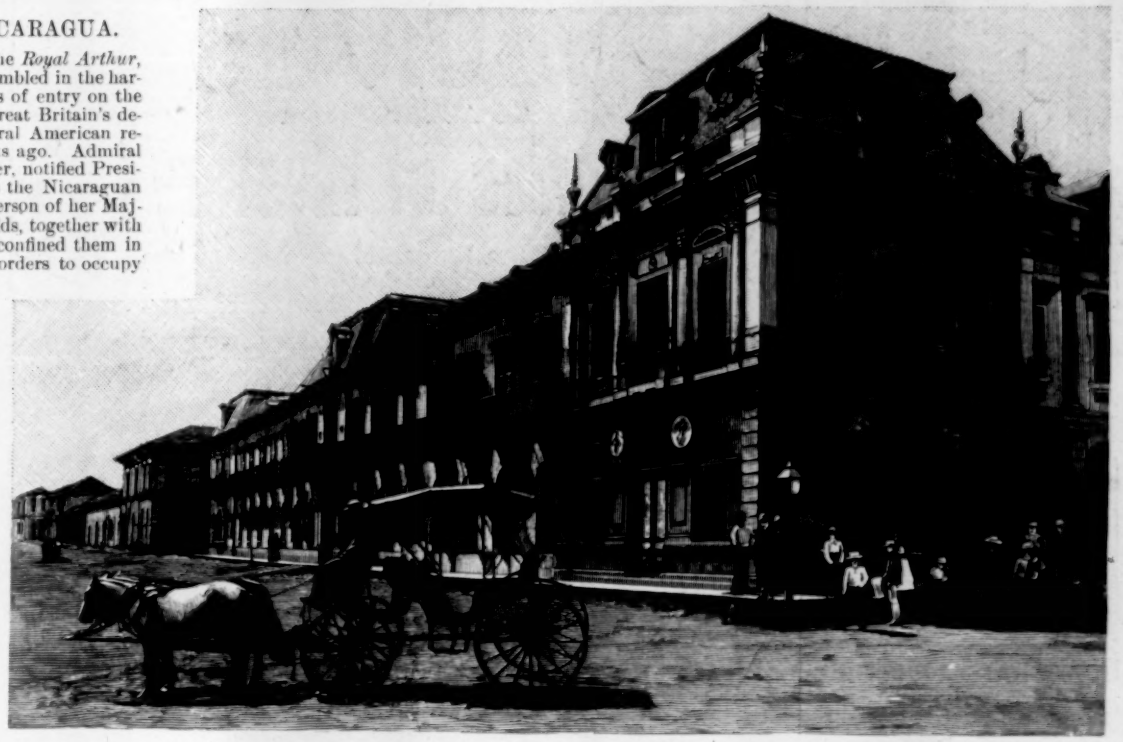
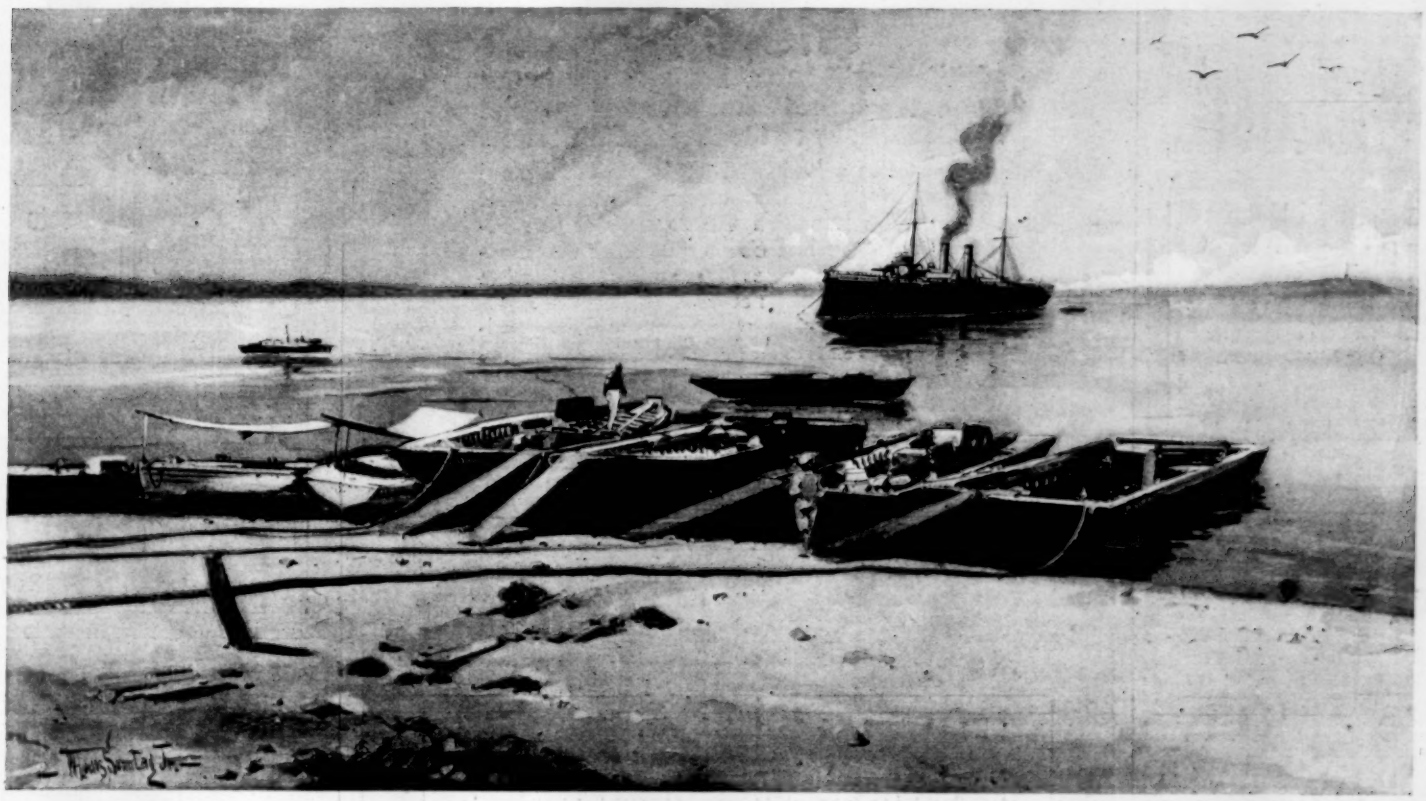
GREAT BRITAIN AND NICARAGUA.

A FLEET of three British war-ships, the *Royal Arthur*, the *Satellite*, and the *Wild Swan*, has assembled in the harbor of Corinto, one of the principal ports of entry on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua, to enforce Great Britain's demand for $75,000 made upon the Central American republic by Lord Kimberley several weeks ago. Admiral H. F. Stephenson, the British commander, notified President Zelaya on April 24th that whereas the Nicaraguan government had unlawfully seized the person of her Majesty's Vice-Consul, Mr. Hatch, at Bluefields, together with some twenty British subjects, and had confined them in the town of Managua, he had received orders to occupy the town of Corinto, and to seize all vessels carrying the Nicaraguan flag and hold the same until the Nicaraguan government complied with the demands made by England. The Admiral gave his assurances that the lives, property, and trade of all foreigners would be respected, and that only the Custom-house and other public buildings would be occupied by his troops pending the settlement of the difficulty, the intention being to seize all duties on imports until the sum of $75,000 be collected. In the accompanying illustrations the Custom-house is at the right of the hotel which is shown in the picture, and which is the principal house in the town. The lighters in the foreground of one of the largest pictures are immediately opposite the hotel. The three British ships took up their position to protect the landing party of 400 bluejackets at the place of anchorage of the man-of-war shown in the illustration. The National Palace is located in the inland city of Managua,



PRESIDENT ZELAYA'S PALACE AT MANAGUA.



THE HARBOR OF CORINTO, OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE BRITISH WAR-SHIP "ROYAL ARTHUR" IN THE HARBOR OF CORINTO.

the capital of the republic, and it is here that President Zelaya and his cabinet held their meetings and so long resisted the demands of Great Britain. The contention of Nicaragua is that the indemnity required is unjust and excessive, and out of all proportion to the harm alleged to have been done to Consular Agent Hatch. The treasury of the republic, moreover, does not contain $75,000 available for payment, and consequently every expedient was resorted to by President Zelaya and his cabinet to compromise and arbitrate the question with England.

SOCIALISM AND THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The referendum is being much discussed just now in this country, and its most ardent advocates prescribe it as a political panacea for all the social and commercial ills with which we are beset. To the practical mind the referendum seems rather too cumbersome to work successfully in any save a small state. In such it has its obvious advantages, and the result of getting near to the people is about the same as in the wholesome town meetings which are held in the New England States. In the ordinary State and national elections there is a reference of political questions to the people, but these references differ from the referendum as it is practised in the Swiss Republic in that ours in seven cases out of ten are references after the fact instead of before. According to the practice in Switzerland, when the referendum has been demanded by a sufficient number of electors, no law is operative till it has received the sanction of the people. Nearly every political campaign in this country has for its chief question whether some legislation shall not be repealed. Our Legislatures make the laws, and then ask the people for their opinion. It is true that our parties have platforms that are carefully prepared and made up of pledges to the people. But the practical politicians do not pay any particular heed to these pledges. Once elected they go ahead and do that which seems to them to be expedient, trusting that the people will approve. This, to be sure, is at once dishonest and dangerous, and the members of the Legislatures are for the moment the masters instead of merely the servants of the people. The remedy for this appears to be in selecting better representatives for the Legislatures rather than in asking all the people to do the work which the unfaithful servants have failed to do. If good men cannot be secured to faithfully represent the people, then, to be sure, something like the referendum will have to be resorted to. But there are good men and true in plenty, as we have always found in any emergency that required them to go into public life.

One thing has been recently demonstrated in Switzerland by the referendum, and if the same test could be applied here, we should in all probability find that the same conditions exist. One Sunday last June the Swiss electors were asked to pass on a law embodying "le droit de travail"—the right of every man who cannot find work elsewhere to get it and the pay it is to carry with it from the state. Now here was a concrete proposition, a something that every man could understand, so it is not to be wondered at that it was defeated by a large majority. Those who supported the right to work cast 75,000 votes, as against 293,000 on the other side. The socialistic propositions that we hear on the lecture platform and read of in the newspapers are so general in their nature that they seem to be nothing more than vague moonshine. It is pleasant to think of the time when every man shall have everything he wants without having to work very hard to obtain it. But when this merely pleasant thought, this idle dream, takes the form of a definite proposition, sane men see it in all its impossible absurdity. So far, therefore, as socialism is concerned, I fancy it might be well to have it referred to the people before its adoption. If it could be so referred it could not possibly ever be engrafted into the law. Should the laws become impregnated with socialistic ideas, these laws will be repealed when the reference is made to the people, but in the mean time much harm may be done, for socialistic experiments cost money, and the bills must be paid like any other debts. The London *Spectator*, in commenting on the instance referred to of the working of the referendum in Switzerland, said: "Happy the country that possesses so effective a check against Parliamentary intrigue! By huckstering among groups you may get a socialistic revolution, but you will never get the people to commit an act of national suicide." The people are to be trusted to guard their own interests with sane vigilance, but the danger lies in the acts of Senators and Representatives who forget the obligations of office and betray the trusts confided to their care. The referendum should therefore be held in reserve, so that we can resort to it if we otherwise fail in securing from the legislators in the laws that they enact a faithful expression of the will of the majority.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

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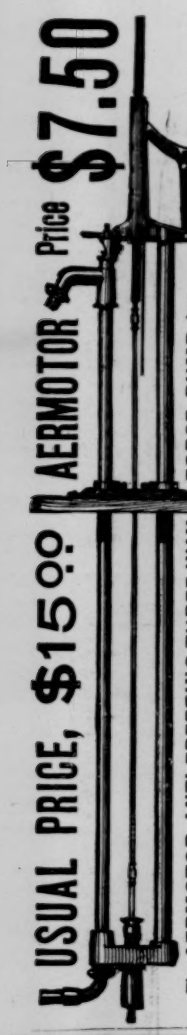

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will be paid in twelve cash prizes for the best twelve stories. The money will be divided as follows:

First Prize	$10,000
Second Prize	3,000
Third Prize	1,500
Fourth Prize	1,000
Fifth Prize	800
Two Prizes of $600 each	1,200
Five Prizes of $500 each	2,500
Making a total of	$20,000

The first prize will be paid for the story adjudged to be the best, the second prize for the story adjudged the next best, the third prize for the story adjudged to be the third in merit, the fourth prize for the fourth in merit, the fifth prize for the fifth in merit; two prizes of $600 each and five prizes of $500 each, thus making the total of twelve prizes in $20,000.

$10,000
additional will be paid at space rates for stories of accepted value but which may not be awarded any of the twelve cash prizes.

The stories submitted in this competition are required to be "stories of mystery," in other words stories in which the mystery is not explained until the last chapter, in order that readers may be offered prizes for guessing the solution of the mystery in advance of its publication.

The stories must reach *The Chicago Record* at its office of publication, 181 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., before Oct. 1, 1895, and the awards will be made as soon after that date as they can be read and judged.

For full information authors will address

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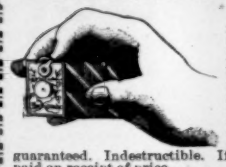

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